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PUBLISHERS' CARD.

Mr. Thackeray's new Story, "The Virginians," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun to copy this Story into their paper. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

The picture given below is taken from Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa, in the press of Harper and Brothers. It represents the Falls of the Zambesi, or Leeambye, one of the largest rivers of Southern Africa; Dr. Livingstone loyally baptized them the Victoria Falls.

The geographical student will readily detect the Zambesi on his map of Africa. It is given as a small stream flowing into the ocean on the east coast of the continent, nearly opposite the northern end of Mauritius: its source is never given; it terminates, westwardly, on our maps, in the wearisome line of dots which stand for ignorance. On the latest maps of the continent, the student will perceive another river laid down—the Leeambye. This stream, according to the mapographers, takes its rise nowhere in particular, and flows into a hole near the Kalahari desert. It is apparently a fine river.

The fact is, that Leeambye and Zambesi mean the same thing—"the River"—and the two streams are one and the same. At a certain point in its course the Zambesi is called the Leeambye, and near the mouth of the Leeambye it is called the Zambesi. The double named river is large and long. It is a powerful stream in the interior of the continent—a mile wide or more, with well-wooded islands, and fine fertile banks. Some day, when our merchants have time and enterprise to spare, we shall send steamers of light draught to run up it, and trade with the brown Africans on its banks.

Meanwhile, the Victoria Falls are the object best worth seeing there now. The natives allude to them tremblingly as "the smoke that sounds." Those of our readers who have heard the roar of Niagara, and watched the spray rise into cloud and float away before the wind, will understand the appropriateness of the name. At the place where the falls occur, the Zambesi is rather more than half a mile broad, and has coursed for some fifteen miles over a declining bed, which converts the river into rapids, interspersed with numerous islands. Suddenly, in the midst of these island-spread rapids, some awful force has rift a cleft in the basaltic rock over which the river flows. The rent begins at the right bank of the Zambesi, cuts it in twain, and extends for forty miles beyond the left bank. Into that cleft the fall falls—a fall of a hundred feet, with deafening roar. At the bottom a narrow gorge, not wider than fifteen to twenty yards, carries off the water, aided in its heavy task by the spray which rises in columns two hundred to three hundred feet high.

The rent into which the river falls was not measured by Dr. Livingstone; but it did not seem to him over eighty feet wide. Its narrowness accounts alike for the unusual noise and the immense volume of spray. The natives object to going to see the falls "for fear they should be drawn down;" and certainly to a beholder, the sight of that deep abyss, with the water boiling and hissing at the bottom, must be terribly awful. The spray, whose columns can sometimes be seen ten miles off, forms a number of little streams, which wind down the river sides toward their parent, but never reach their destination; before they have traveled down the rocky cliffs, the hungry spray lifts them up again and hurries them into the clouds.

From the narrowness of the cleft, and the absence of any sign of trituration in the basalt, Dr. Livingstone infers that the convulsion of nature which rent these rocks is of recent occurrence. Geological and ethnological evidence both indicate that at no immensely remote period the interior of the southern part of the continent of Africa was one vast lake, inclosed within the rocks which still constitute its bulwarks against the outer ocean. A process of desiccation and drainage appear to have gone on for centuries, and to have left only *residua* of the old Great Sea, in the shape of such shallow bodies of water as the N'yassi' and the Lake Ngami. In the Bechuana Country, the disappearance of water-courses, and the drying up of pools, is quite rapid; so much so as to have been noticed by the present inhabitants of the country. Whether the gradual absorption of the rivers and streams proceeds at as swift a rate further to the north, can not yet be ascertained; but these falls seem to show that the cause is in full operation there, and that the comparative disappearance of the Zambesi is merely a question of time.

It is melancholy to reflect—if these theories be sound—that, by the time civilized man shall be prepared to open up and develop the great continent of Africa, its soil may be as unfitted for human habitation as the Polar continent or the Gadsden purchase. Possibly, however, the drainage may be so providentially regulated as to remove the malaria which now renders Africa a sealed land to the white man, without depriving it of the water essential for human habitation.

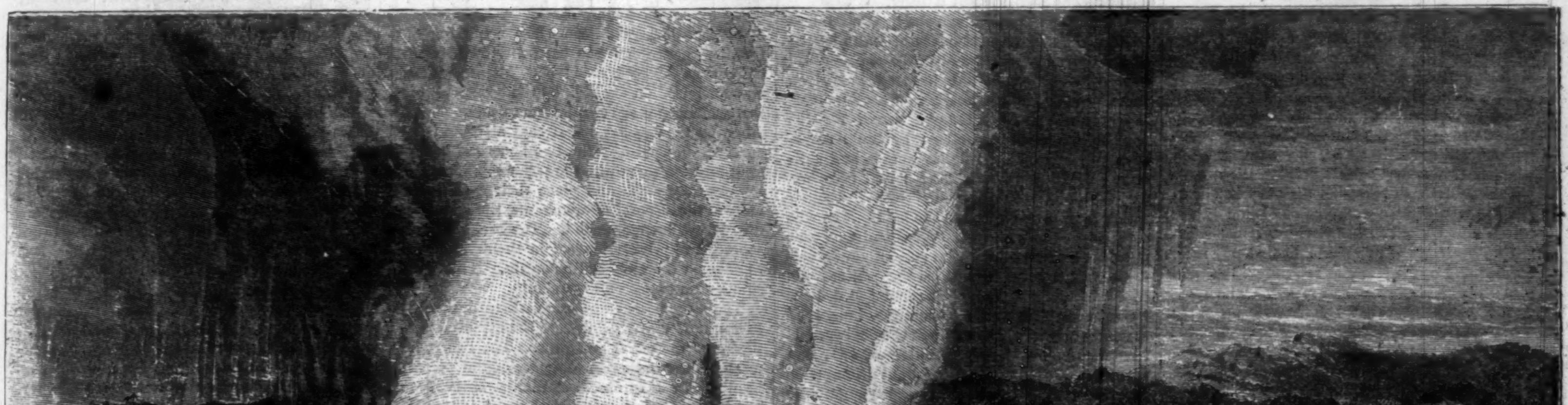
No white man ever saw these falls before Dr. Livingstone. The people of the vicinity regarded the eminent missionary in the light of a curious wild beast. Women and children fled at his approach with screams. Even the dogs turned tail when they saw him and scampered off howling. Shut out from the light of civilization, these curious people naturally present many revolting features of savage life.

At a village not very far from the falls Dr. Livingstone visited a chief before whose door stood five-and-forty stakes planted in the ground; each stake crowned with a human head. These were Matebele, natives of another part of the country, who, having started on a war expedition without counting the cost, had been obliged to return hungry and famished; in which state they were surprised by the chief of the place and inhumanly butchered. On being remonstrated with by Dr. Livingstone, who pointed out that very many of the heads were those of boys, the chief gruffly replied, like any Costa Rican:

"What business had they here?"

At another place, not very far distant, an interesting looking girl, in a state of entire nudity, and almost a skeleton from emaciation, came to Dr. Livingstone, and solicited his interference on her behalf. She was the captive of a warrior, who had obtained her as his share of the spoil; but his crop having failed, he was unable to feed her, and she was absolutely dying of hunger. The missionary appealed to her owner on her behalf, but found him obdurate. On a hint that he might take her away himself, the African chief replied that "he might keep her till she was fat, if he pleased, but then she must return to him." Unwilling to take charge of her on these conditions, Dr. Livingstone supplied her most urgent necessities and left her. He ascertained afterward that, having been taken on a short journey by her master, her strength failed her on the way, she was unable to return, and was left to perish in the desert.

Side by side with hard-hearted savages like this warrior Dr. Livingstone met with persons who took a pleasure in rearing orphans and treating all chil-



THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE LEEAMBYE OR ZAMBESI RIVER, CALLED BY THE NATIVES MOSYOATUNYO (SMOKE-SOUNDING).

dren with extraordinary kindness; so that, as he says, it would be easy to make out these people either monsters of cruelty, or phenomena of warm-heartedness, as one's theory required. Uniformity of character is not more common among African savages than it is among the most polished nations of the civilized world.

Whatever future intercourse may make of these people, it seems likely that, until one of their most cherished customs is abolished, it can not add a good-looking people to the known human family. Once upon a time an African chieftain, residing within earshot of the wonderful Victoria Falls, had the misfortune to quarrel with his wife. Mishaps of the kind have occurred once or twice even among civilized nations; but the African chief, acting as no civilized man ever does, punished his offending spouse with a straight blow with the right on the teeth. The blow was so well aimed, and the force so terrible, that it knocked all the lady's upper front teeth straight down her throat. Perhaps the reader supposes that she was infuriated by the injury. By no means. From that day forth never had man so submissive a wife as the hero of the fist; and the people of his tribe, finding the beneficial effects which the blow had wrought on the terrible temper of the chieftainess, went home, every man to his own particular wife, bade her stand up, and knocked out her upper front teeth.

However, as Whateley beautifully remarks, all particular rules may not be of general application; the regimen which had answered so well with the chieftainess failed with the humbler ladies of the tribe. They did not forgive their brutal husbands. They had no complaisance, no kindness to bestow. They grew morose and surly. They cooked the dinner badly, and forgot the water from the spring. Worse than all they looked hideous, and lisped frightfully.

So after a period of reflection, the strong men of the tribe met together to take counsel on the strait in which they were placed. Each had some trial to relate, some grievance to tell; all were the victims of their mutilated wives. After due consultation, comfortable study, and rejection of a scheme for exterminating the pestilent women, the warriors came to the conclusion that the best thing to do, in order to console their angry wives, was to inflict upon each other the punishment each had inflicted on his tender spouse. The resolution was adopted unanimously; and then and there, with hatchets, sticks, stones, and fists every man knocked his neighbor's upper front teeth out.

History doth not state whether the ladies were appeased by the sacrifice; but certain it is, according to Dr. Livingstone, that the practice of knocking out the upper front teeth of boys and girls at the age of puberty prevails among this singular people to this day. When the boys and girls see a person whose jaws still retain their natural compliment of teeth, they laugh and jibe him, crying, like the narrator of Little Red Riding Hood, "Oh, what great big teeth you have got!"

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

THE MORMON WAR.

WHATEVER be the real facts of the squabbles between Brigham Young and the United States officials, the quarrel is now placed on a clear, intelligible footing by the overt act of hostility committed by the Mormons on the 9th of October, in burning three trains belonging to the government of the United States, and containing military stores. It may be a question whether Governor Young's proclamation, calling the Mormons to arms for the purpose of forcibly preventing the entrance of United States troops into United States territory is not in itself an overt act of rebellion; but, at any rate, the burning of the stores is rank rebellion, and places the dispute on a new ground. The question is not, now, can we make war upon the Mormons to prevent polygamy, or to avenge this or that outraged official? It is, Can we punish United States citizens who levy war against the United States? And on that question there can not be the shadow of a doubt. The only points worth consideration, now, in connection with these misguided fanatics, relate to the immediate safety of the troops and to the ultimate fate of the Mormons.

On the former head, the military authorities here and at Washington seem to entertain no serious apprehensions. The passage which we quote elsewhere from Colonel Alexander's dispatch, shows that the advanced guard of the army was not very far from good winter-quarters; and it is not generally supposed that Governor Young would risk a desperate conflict with them unless they attempted to force their way into Salt Lake City, which they do not propose to do this winter. Should he be so rash as to attack them, however, it is supposed that our men would be well able to take care of themselves.

It is not so easy to come to a conclusion with regard to the other matter—the ultimate destiny of the Salt Lake settlers. It may be assumed as a self-evident deduction from past experience, that a Mormon local government is inconsistent and irreconcilable with the supremacy of the Federal Power. It is also clear that now that the Mormons have actually appealed to the sword, it will not be sheathed by the United States until ample security is obtained for the future submission of the dwellers in Utah Territory, whoever they may be, or whatever faith they may profess. Lastly, it is not consonant with reason or experience to expect that defeats or persecution will induce the great body of the Mormons to abandon their creed or their hierarchy—at all events, until they have endured a long series of hardships and trials extending over a considerable period of time.

These and similar reasons have led to speculation as to the probability of a new Mormon hegira. Three regions have been indicated as possible retreats for the persecuted Saints. One is Vancouver's Island; another the Russian territory in America; a third the Mexican territories adjacent to the Gadsden purchase. No one of the three is particularly promising or inviting to settlers; the first two are almost out of the question. In Russian America the Mormons would starve; in Vancouver's Island they would be summarily prosecuted for polygamy and expelled. Northern Mexico, with its arid soil and hostile Indians, is the most available site of the three for a new Mecca; for life is at least possible there, and Brigham Young might perhaps defy the Mexican Government. But why should not some one suggest to these persevering Saints that South America contains thousands of square leagues of unoccupied territory, blessed with a glorious climate and a fertile soil, where no government would molest, no soldiers attack them, and where they might work out their problem in safety for at least a century to come?

THE END OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

THE news brought by the *Atlantic*, confirming the accounts previously received of the fall of Delhi, and acquainting us with the capture of the King and his family, and the rescue of Lucknow, may be regarded as conclusive with regard to the Indian mutiny. Henceforth the mutineers are a mere rabble without rallying-point, head-quarters, or legitimate chief; and there seems no reason to doubt but they will be hunted down and shot like noxious vermin, or incurable banditti. Had the town of Delhi been able to hold out, and had the myriads of natives who surrounded Cawnpore, Agra, and Lucknow been able to exterminate the British garrisons there, it is quite likely that the mutiny would have spread to the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, and a flame kindled which all the power of England could not have quenched. Fate has willed it otherwise. Whether from precipitation, or hopeless incapacity, the mutineers of the northwest seem to have undertaken that which they could not accomplish; they have proved that even when they were in numbers as fifty to one of their enemies they could not make a decent fight. To expect that a great rebellion could be inaugurated with such a preface was absurd. The little handful of British soldiers in Bengal and the northwest have, without aid from England, completely quelled the head and front of the insurrection, and it may be safely assumed that the Sepoys of the South and Centre of India will for the present rest content with their destiny.

Whatever feeling of sympathy was at first awakened for the native races of India by the recital of their wrongs, and of the cupidity and oppression of the Company, has long since given place, in every honest heart, to a sentiment of lively hatred and contempt: hatred for the fiendish barbarities practiced by the natives, high and low, on the English women and children who fell into their hands; and contempt for the miserable cowardice and imbecility which they have evinced in the field. Men who murder women with unexampled outrage, who mutilate little children, who subject young delicate girls to infamies such as the pen can not describe, have not enough manhood to deserve freedom; and it would be strange, indeed, if such creatures could stand up in the field against true men. The Sepoy rebellion of 1857 can never be classed among the gallant attempts of enslaved races of brave men to reconquer their freedom. It was a frantic outburst of brutal passion and savage rage—the outburst of the tiger against his keeper—and no man will compromise his standing as a lover of liberty by rejoicing that the outburst has been crushed, and the tiger driven, quailing and punished, back to his den.

THE FIRST CONGRESSIONAL KNOT.

THE first knot which Congress will have to untie will be the Kansas-Walker question. The Senate will have to pass on Walker's nomination; the Assembly will be called upon to ratify or reject the proceedings of the Kansas Constitutional Convention by admitting or excluding the new State of Kansas under the Constitution framed by that Convention. Both will probably involve a sharp fight.

As to the appointment of Governor Walker, the issue lies in a very small compass. The entire North will sustain him on the ground that he has endeavored faithfully to do his duty; the ultra South, led by Hunter, of Virginia, and Stephens, of Georgia, will oppose him, on the plea that he has sacrificed the South to curry favor in the North, and specifically, that he transcended his powers and violated his instructions by rejecting the Oxford return—a function which devolved on the Kansas Legislature, and not on the Territorial Governor. Washington correspondents seem to think that the influence of the Administration will be thrown into the scale with the Southern ultras. If so, Walker may be rejected, and forcibly placed on a platform which would commend him very signally to the favor of Northern Democrats for 1860. If the Administration should sustain Walker, or even remain aloof from the contest, it would seem, from statistics, that the force opposed to him could not compare with that which would naturally rally to his support. The issue of the contest appears to rest with the President.

The question that will agitate the Assembly is of nicer character. The Constitutional Convention of Kansas have drafted a Constitution which contains a clause specifically legalizing slavery. That Constitution is to be submitted to the people; but the people are only to vote on the slavery clause. If they vote Ay, then slavery is permanently domiciled in Kansas; if they vote Nay, then the slavery clause is stricken out, and the rest of the Constitution remains good and valid. But as that Constitution, without the slavery clause, says nothing *against* slavery, it follows that, even if the slavery clause be stricken out, no authority will exist in Kansas by which the slaves now resident there can be driven out or manumitted. They would continue to be slaves under the Constitution, after the expurgation of the slavery clause.

It is upon this that the fight in Congress will take place. One side will take the ground that the people of Kansas, being largely in favor of free soil, ought to be admitted with a Constitution expressly prohibiting slavery; and this party will obviously use with good effect the well-known facts establishing the invalidity of the election of the Constitutional Convention. On the other hand, the other party will argue that as, under the Constitution, all the Territories of the United States are open to all United States citizens, *with their property*, it would be unjust for the people of Kansas to exile their Southern fellow-citizens on forming their State Constitution, and still more unjustifiable to confiscate their property. They will take the ground that slavery in Kansas, being contrary to public sentiment, must be allowed to die out, as it did in New York, New Jersey, and other Northern States; but that the Southern men who went there with their slaves on the faith of the Federal Constitution must not be despoiled.

These are the grounds on which the battle will be fought; if nothing more interesting turns up, it promises to be warm and lively.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

SPECIE increases from week to week, and confidence steadily gains ground. This is good news. Half the battle is won by the gradual diffusion of cheerfulness. Convince our rich men that the worst is past and that times are on the mend, and we shall easily overcome the evil spirit. In other words, over two hundred millions of dollars, belonging to private capitalists, are usually employed in this city in the purchase of mercantile paper. Since the beginning of October this capital has been withdrawn from market, as far as it could be. Its owners are now exercised on one side by the consciousness that their means are earning no revenue, on the other, by the hopeful belief that a general recovery is impending; the two ideas are beginning to drive them into the paper market. As soon as they yield, and place their funds once more at the disposal of merchants, the revulsion may be set down as ended. The banks in their sphere, and private lenders in theirs, can very rapidly set trade on it legs again. This consummation seems close at hand.

The comparisons which have been drawn between 1837 and 1857 fail in the essential particular of the entire premises. The two years resemble each other in some accidental points; in all others they are dissimilar. In 1837 we owed a heavy debt, of several years accumulation, to England; in 1857 we owe nothing but for the season's supplies. In 1837 our banking system was unsound, and, with few exceptions, all the Southern and Western banks, and many in New York and New England, were rotten; in 1857, with very rare exceptions, every bank in the country is unquestionably not only solvent but prosperous. In 1837 our crops were short, and we were importing grain to supply the deficiency in the crop of the year previous; in 1857 our crops are superabundant, and the surplus of last year still gluts our warehouses. In 1837 the South was so deeply in debt that it lay like a millstone round the country's neck; in 1857 the South is rich, its financial institutions are rocks, its harvest so plenteous, and its planters so easy, that they can insist on gold for their cotton, and submit cheerfully to almost any decline in price. In 1837 the financial system of the nation was straddled by a monstrous monopoly, rotten to the core—the United States Bank—whose corrupt and insane operations were a law to all the minor institutions of the time; in 1857 not only is the system sound, but the financial institutions of the country are quite independent one of the other. In a word, the only scheme on which an analogy between the two periods can be drawn is by omitting from view all consideration of the national resources and the country's debt to foreign nations, by assimilating the railroads of 1857 to the banks of 1837, and by comparing one or two branches of trade which have been unduly expanded in 1857 with the entire commercial system of 1837. No such comparison can be serious.

As the world grows older, men grow wiser. We shall not, probably, ever again see such a crisis as that of 1837. The affair of this year was a mere panic; originating with the embarrassments of a few ill-managed and corruptly administered railways, spreading from them to certain unsound and over-trading commercial firms, and hastened to a crisis by the precipitate action of the banks—which learned too late that they had expanded too far, and corrected their mistake as injudiciously as they had committed it. It was a surface trouble throughout; the core of the country, the heart of the commercial world, was never attacked.

So far as can be foreseen now, the only trouble to be apprehended is a recoil from the embarrassments which our panic must cause in England. Despite the confident tone which the British press assumed when the news of our suspension reached them, it is abundantly evident that the British must suffer severely through our shortcomings. That suffering appears to have just begun with the increase of the bank rate of interest to ten per cent, and numerous and heavy failures in the Anglo-American trade. Something like our panic now appears to prevail in the city of London, and a violent controversy was raging, at the time the last advices left, as to whether the Bank of England ought not to take a step equivalent to—though not precisely identical with—suspension; namely, to overissue notes. To what lengths the excitement may proceed it is impossible now to foresee. The drain of specie to this country is almost ended. Whether, under these circumstances, the failure of Anglo-American bankers in London, or the embarrassment of commercial houses could affect us disastrously remains to be seen. Practically, the United States, as the debtor nation, is independent of the reverses of its creditor Great Britain.

A MURDERER CONVICTED AT LAST.

WE have the greatest pleasure in informing our country readers that the art of murder has ceased to be free in this city. Cancemi, the Sicilian, who put Policeman Anderson out of his pain by shooting him through the head with a horse-pistol because he interfered with Cancemi's burglarious adventures, has been convicted and will soon be sentenced. It need not be added that the example will be wholesome.

The murder market, however, continues to be brisk, and the old average, one death per diem, is still pretty nearly kept up. The conviction of the boy James Rodgers, who killed a man as he was quietly walking home with his wife, out of sheer devilment, has tended to discourage the playful development of the murder business; but the staple trade is as active as ever. One may infer from these convictions that a man may not murder his fellow-creature lightly; he must not kill a man whom he doesn't know, or against whom he can not enlist a certain amount of political sympathy. If there be a lady in the case, he may shoot or stab fearlessly; if there be a political or religious feud between the parties, he will have little to fear; if his victim be his boon companion, the operation will be comparatively safe; if both parties are wealthy and friends, the accident will prove a mere bagatelle. In all these cases juries, it is found by experience, will differ or acquit.

It would be wrong, therefore, for our country friends to conclude absolutely that murder is a crime punishable by law in this city. It is not quite that. It is not a free art, like engraving or civil engineering; but it is not necessarily a Penitentiary or a hanging matter. Some murderers walk the streets in affluence and ease; a few pick oakum at Sing Sing. It is all a lottery, like marriage.

Seven or eight years ago the philanthropists of Exeter Hall, who have evinced so much concern for our moral and social progress, devoted attention to the penal laws of England, and, by unremitting efforts, succeeded in mitigating very materially the severity of the code against crime. They obtained of the Government, in substance, that all men condemned to death should be transported, and that every transported convict should, on slight evidence of good behavior during his term of punishment, be restored to the bosom of society before that term was half ended. The consequence of this false humanity was, that murders, and robberies, and rapes increased prodigiously in Great Britain, and that in a vast majority of cases the culprits proved to be old offenders. In consequence of this discovery, the British Government, in the spring of last year, took the first step toward retracing their injudicious policy by directing that from that time forth no convict should be liberated from his confinement till the full term of his service were ended. It was likewise resolved that, while deference should be paid to the public prejudice against the death penalty, pains should be taken to provide against the premature restoration to society of felons who had proved a nuisance. Accordingly, for the last year, culprits whose guilt was undoubted and heinous have been sentenced to long terms of exile without hope of pardon; and the Kingdom of Great Britain has been a prodigious gainer by the change.

We do not mention these matters for the sake of influencing our magistrates; of course not. Our people need no foreign example to teach them their business. But it is odd that like causes should have led to like effects in both countries; that the leniency of American judges, and the obstinate persistence of State Governors in pardoning the most confirmed villains, should have preceded the astounding development of crime which we witness; and it would be curious to see if a return to wholesome severity in this country would prove as beneficial as it has in England.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LOUNGER ON A HILL-TOP.

LOUNGING over the hills of Staten Island the other afternoon, we stopped suddenly upon a high point and looked at the scene.

It was one of those last days of the Indian Summer, after the haze has gone from the air, but all the brightness and much of the warmth remain. The leaves were fallen, and the oaks and chestnuts stood gnarled and rigid in the calm sunset, like warriors in rugged mail set and waiting for the foe. What wrestling was to be in those spreading branches with the wild winds rushing from Labrador! What fierce struggles through roaring nights, in which great boughs might crack and crash to the earth, unheard and unseen! Yet in those very trees, during the days of six months, such full-choired harmony of birds' voices had been heard by the Lounger, that he had found himself satisfied to lie and listen, and pity old Shylock and Nickelby, who were giving their souls no peace if they could not get two per cent. a month for their money.

The state may be with difficulty imagined which allows a man to pity others who are getting two per cent. a month—in the shadow of the classic Custom-house, too; and the Bank of America, that gem of art; the Exchange, also, an architectural missionary of refinement and æsthetic repose—of morality, also, and good manners; and, as it were, under the grave benediction of Trinity, that very head and front of all the Gothic, Grecian, Romantic, Rococo, and Ignoto offending of Wall Street.

To smile at a man, to pity a man getting two per cent. for his money, with all these architectural and ecclesiastical advantages around him, shows the depleted mental condition of a Lounger under the bare November trees of Staten Island.

Probably the grapes are sour!

But as he looked down the green hill covered with savins to the Kill Van Kull, and saw far over the blue bay the houses, like white pebbles, on a distant shore, he was suddenly reminded that, excepting those white houses and one distant sail (on an oyster boat) upon Communipaw Bay, he saw the scene, leaning upon his walking-stick, precisely as an Indian may have seen it, leaning upon his bow, before Verrazzano had sailed into the Narrows in 1524, calling it a deep river between steep hills, or Hendrik Hudson had declared the green banks of Neversink "a good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see."

All the years of civilization, judged from the spot on which the Lounger stood—not ten miles from the Metropolis*—had only changed the aspect of the landscape by the white houses he saw. There were no plowed fields, no crops, no gardens visible—nothing but the water, the sky, and the undulating land. The purple line of the hills that dip toward the Hackensack, the misty heights of Morristown, and the farther Highlands of New Jersey; the green shore of Long Island, and the long, curving Communipaw coast; the gleaming Newark Bay, with the clear blue sky above, and the rippling water sparkling below—all these the Indian saw as the Lounger saw them, and only called them by another name.

Standing by a savin-tree and remarking that the houses seemed as if they might have been erected yesterday, they were so new and fresh, the Lounger asked himself if there were no other signs of change.

The savin-tree rustled in the sunset air; but its whisper was even more familiar to Indian ears.

Then a sound before unperceived seemed gradually to possess the air. The lowing of cattle, the cackle of fowls in neighboring barn-yards, the sound of children's voices ringing in the perfectly quiet air, the barking of dogs, the occasional distant cry of boys driving the cows homeward, an evening bell from the village below—all the multitudinous murmurs of civilization filled the sunset with that peaceful domestic music of home which Arabs and Indians never know.

The life and prosperity that occasioned that music, said the Lounger to the savin-tree, is the sign of the radical change. It speaks of fields and firesides, of clustering associations, of tranquillity and repose. Down in Rocky Hollow and all over the island, there are indeed poverty and suffering; but they are the exception, not the law. With the Indian suffering was the rule, and he was never secure.

The savin-tree sighed in the sunset. It was a melancholy and dreary sound, like the voice of sad and desert seas. The Lounger listened, and heard the only music the Indian knew. It slowly died away, and was lost in the sweet iteration of the distant bell, and the nearer cry of the cow-boys.

A VOLLEY OVER A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WHEN the Lounger arrived at Paris (and no Lounger is of full degree until he has graduated upon the Boulevards) General Cavaignac was really Dictator of France. The Provisional Government of 1848 had undertaken to supply the people with work, and of course a revolution followed; for such an arrangement can never be permanent, and the order for its dissolution is the signal of revolt.

The faubourgs of the blouses, a combination of people such as only Paris can furnish, had thrown up barricades. It was the initial movement of anarchy and confusion, and called itself Democratic and Republican. Cavaignac was a republican beyond question. He had been greatly honored for himself and his family; and the movement of the barricades, hoping to conquer through the disagreements of the Government, was peremptorily suppressed by the republican general. His virtual dictatorship followed. He had proved that he could keep Paris in order. His administration was simple, sagacious, and truly republican. He was the only man who appeared in all that menacing tumult of 1848 who carried with him the confidence of thoughtful men. With him as President a republic was possible, because his election would show that the people sincerely wanted a republic.

But they wanted no such thing. The French are only theoretical republicans. During those days Armand Marrast was President of the Constitutional Convention, to which post he was promoted from the editorship of *Le National*, the republican journal. The Lounger used to see Armand at the grand Opera. He was a very Marquis Marrast. His hand had suddenly turned out to be trumps. His game was a republic—a republic, namely, in which Armand Marrast should be a leader. As President of the Assembly he lived magnificently. He was a gorgeous host in the presidential mansion. The taste of *la belle France* did not receive outrage at his hands. He and his eager friends dined and debated with equal gusto. They made a mayonnaise and a constitution with the same relish. But they had the most difficult task in the world to accomplish: to bring France and millions of Frenchmen out of the chaos on whose verge they all trembled, and instantly to start a new order of things which should work perfectly. The condition of success was that the people wanted what Marrast and his friends were so cheerfully preparing, namely, a republic.

But they wanted no such thing. The blouses wanted a general millennium, and the Legitimists wanted a general confusion through which to draw Henry Fifth to the throne, and the middle classes wanted peace at any price.

Louis Napoleon came and offered to give it to them. So one Sunday France went to the ballot-box and dropped in six millions and a half of votes for him, and a million and a half for General Cavaignac.

The day before that Sunday General Cavaignac could have done what Louis Napoleon did two years after. Many a man said then, and has said since, "Had he been master of the occasion he would have done it. He ought to have known that France was not really republican, and at the head of the army which knew him and loved him, he could have made himself the King, Emperor, Dictator, President, or whatever other office and title suited him."

Undoubtedly. He could have done all this. There was but one thing that prevented him, and that was, that he was simply a man of honor. Washington might, perhaps, have done the same thing in this country. He did not; and because his countrymen really wanted a republic they made one, and put him at the head of it. So, if France had had any serious resolution and national conviction, she would have done with Cavaignac.

He was simply an honest man. *He* believed in a republic. How could he, then, destroy the chance of a republic by making himself King? In all the amazing changes of the last ten years in France, no man's course has been more consistent and incorruptible than that of Eugene Cavaignac.

He was buried in Paris a month ago. The streets were crowded, and as the long procession passed in silence, people stood bareheaded until the hearse was out of sight. Fifteen thousand persons followed him to the grave. No oration was pronounced, and surely none was needed. He had an unswerving honesty, an antique simplicity, a chivalric loyalty to principle, and he had saved his country. History will point with his name the infamy of Louis Napoleon's.

THE MAIL-BAG.

MILLET, *November*, 1857.

UP here to our place, dear Mister Lounger, where there aint nary noospaper, it is kind o' good to get yourn stuck full of readin and picters. Las' night I sez to my wife, sez I, Jemimy Ann (her name's Jemimy Ann, daughter of old Deacon Bustard up to Hampshire State, who raised the darndest lot of punkins this year *you* ever see!), sez I, Jemimy Ann, now this here is sutthin like. Here's a weekly noospaper that's jest my sort, I tell *you*. It sez jest what a man wants ter know, and it has sutthin for the gals, too, and sich a lot of people writes letters to the Lounger, that I guess I'sh'll give up my box to the Post-office, sez I, coz this Lounger gives letters enough for any body in reason: darned if he don't, sez I, and I'm blamed if I ever git any thin' through that air Post-office of ourn except a letter from old Plugden, down to Tootersbury, sayin he don't want no more fall sass. No more fall sass? the darned ass, he dunno what he wants, he better stay to hum and chaw turnips; and not be a writin' letters to folks about his fall sass. Now, sez I, Jemimy Ann, I tell you jest what I'm a goin' to doo. I'm a goin' to write to that air Lounger and jest tell him to tell old Plugden down to Tootersbury, right out in his noospaper, that I don't want to hear no more about that blamed sass. "Lor," sez Jemimy Ann, "is that what yer a goin' to doo? Wal, now, Lordy massy."

So, yer see, I thought I'd just set down and take pen in hand to tell yer that we're all well, and hopin' this will find you enjoying the same—thunder! what'm I about? That aint what I was a going ter say. You understand I want to say that I like your paper, and pertiklerly what you call the Lounger, and all the tother parts, and specially the picters, coz sumhow I don't kinder feel that I know just how things is till I see picters of 'em. There wuz Guvner Banks, this week, and Mister Thackerry, or Thwackerry, or Thackuary, or sumbuddy—you know who—sorter sniffin' through his spettacles, as if he smelt sutthin' bad—the grate spatterist, or smasherist, or sutthin' I swar to man I can't reklekt what. "Wal, now," sez I to Jemimy Ann, "that's a man I like the looks on." "Lor," sez she, "is that the kind o' man you like the looks on?" "Yes, *Sir*," sez I. "Lordy marsy!" sez she. "I dun bleeve," sez I, "that that air man 'ud stand any nonsense." "Lordy marsy!" sez she. "No, I don't," sez I; "by Golly if I do!"

Now, Mister Lounger, if you'd jest be so good 's ter tell old Plugden down to Tootersbury that he needn't write no more'n them letters about the fall sass, you'll much obleege me and Jemimy Ann.

Yours to command till deth,
COPERNICUS P. MERRIWEATHER.

—The Lounger is sure that a person so delicate in his discrimination as he is confident Mr. Plugden of Tootersbury is, will need no other suggestion than this note of Mr. Merriweather's. If he should also see the propriety of sending a tender turkey as a seasonable recognition of the service done him by the Lounger, the latter trusts that Mr. Plugden will observe that it is not done at the Lounger's suggestion; for he desires distinctly not to suggest it.

Eve of St. Pusey and Newman.

THE REVEREND ZEPHYR WORSTED presents his compliments to the Lounger, and wishes to consult him in the light of a barber. Is it the Lounger's opinion that the hair of a theological student should be put behind his ears, like that of his sister; and does the Lounger consider it strictly apostolical to tie the white cravat in a bow before, or should it not rather be carried round smooth behind, and there pinned? Does not the latter method savor less of carnal display? Would the Lounger also be pleased to add his sentiments upon the subject of varnished boots as a *chaussure* for the pulpit? Also, what is the gayest colored glove that a student, in deacon's orders only, may wear with decorum? The mind of the Reverend Zephyr Worsted is very much exercised upon these points, and desires relief.

SEMINARY, TWENTIETH STREET.

—The Lounger feels an extreme modesty in undertaking to answer ecclesiastical questions of such importance. He has, however, the authority of his youngest daughter for saying that the hair behind the ears is "perfectly splendid and saint-like;" and his great-aunt is inexorably opposed to a clergyman's tying his cravat in front. He is bewildered, however, upon the subject of boots and gloves; for while, on the one hand, varnished boots might be considered symbolical of purity—yet, on the other, they might appear to sensitive minds to suggest vanity; and so a delicate lavender in gloves, while to many it would seem to be only indicative of a mild mourning for human depravity, might again to others assume the darker aspect of a thoughtless toying with the vanities of this world. The Lounger desires to express his heartiest sympathy with the intellectual perplexities of the Reverend Zephyr Worsted, and humbly to hope that he may be led to a correct solution of these important and interesting problems.

THE WITS' END.

A Primer for Primary Meetings.

ONCE there was a little boy named Wud. Master Wud climbed up to a high place and his head began to swim. His nurse cried to him to come down, but he would not. Master Wud was a naughty boy, and he said he should go up higher. But he was such a selfish little boy that nobody cared to help him. So he cried out, "Fire! fire! fire!" And people said, "Where is it?" And Master Wud replied, "I can see further than you: fire! fire! fire!" Then there was a great noise and confusion, and the bells began to ring, and the engines to run, and Master Wud hoped that when he told the people that the fire was near him they would put their ladders so that he could take them and go up higher—and then tell the people it was only a joke. But when the town was in an uproar, and people ran and cried fire in every direction, and could not find any fire, they grew angry, and went to the foot of the high place on which Master Wud stood. Then that wicked boy wiggled his fingers on his nose at them. But the people, for whom Master Wud had never done any thing but take their money to buy cakes and candy with, and had always coaxed them into pushing him up higher, now saw how they had been deceived, so they put up a long hook and pulled Master Wud down into a ditch, where he was drowned in dirty water. And to this day the place is call Wud's Hole.

Moral.—When little Master Wuds get into high places, they should take care not to be too giddy. And when they rouse people to put out a fire, they had better take care the people don't put them out.

The same story for the Nursery.

Humpty Wud upon a wall,
Humpty Wud got a great fall,
All the men in Tammany hall,
Voting with all their might and main,
Can't set Humpty Wud up again.

What the Talker said to the Worker.

To Smith shrewd Viele said "I'll give you work,
And you may henceforth spare your angry breath."
"Not so," quoth Smith, "my work is only talk;
My business is demanding 'Work or Death!'"

What the Governor's Wife No. 23 said to the Government.

You deemed the Utah Governor a dunce,
And thought the Mormons would not come to blows;
But they will fight who have been exiled once,
And Brigham's not so Young as you suppose.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

WHAT IS A BOHEMIAN?

I HAVE several times been upon the point of giving you, Sir, the exact definition of a Bohemian. Some young ladies, who have a passion for "Consuelo," think that it must refer to some one like the Count Albert of Rudolstadt—a sort of European Andrew Jackson Davis, who neglects his regular meals, lives in caves among mushrooms, and indulges in a pale-blue melancholy. The medical students, on the other hand, claim that no person can be truly a Bohemian unless he lunches upon the dissecting table, cuts his cheese with a scalpel, compounds his salads with a spatula, and drinks his porter out of the skull of an old "subject." Certain young fellows who write stories with such titles as, "The Bloody Night-Shirt; or, the Demon Cabman—a tale of Vice Triumphant and Virtue Betrayed," assert that they are Bohemians because they never pay their laundresses, and never have any money. The crossing sweepers might claim the title with equal cause. No, Sir; the medical student may be a Bohemian, or the *littérateur*, or Miss Dash in the Fifth Avenue, or they may not, necessarily they are not. The Bohemian proper is a philosopher and a humanitarian in the broadest sense. He is entirely self-reliant; and when he has sixpence, is entirely independent. He has no debts, because no one will give him credit. He lives in a house of some kind or other, because the climate compels him to do so. Otherwise he would prefer sleeping on the heights of Weehawken, and dining, *al fresco*, in the Elysian Fields. The Bohemian differs from his esteemed brother, The Lounger, in the respect that the latter is a calm, scholarly loiterer in the pleasant vernal paths of literature, art, science, and fashion, while it will be the duty of the former to descend some times into that cold hard world, where want holds its court, and where hunger stalks supreme.

Ethelinda, who is a person of some intelligence (she always reads the *Weekly*), desired to know what a Bohemian was. This explanation is intended for that estimable young woman particularly, and the world generally.

ETHELINDA AT THE PLAY.

I HAD intended to talk this week about the new comedy at Wallack's, but give place to a few remarks by Ethelinda on the same subject. In passing, I may say that she is a person of a lively turn of mind, with a passion for dry goods and *chocolate caramels*. In her epistolary efforts she runs a good deal to exclamation points, dashes, and italics, and minds her stops no better than she obeys her parents.

You must know, says the dear creature, that I went the other night to the first performance of "The Maiden Wife; or, Romance after Marriage." Isn't it a *sweet* title! though that *horrid* German Count with those *nasty* spectacles says it is an anachronism (what is that?) to talk about "maiden wives," and that there's no romance about it at all. Never mind, it is good and suggestive, and quite in accordance with the other play "The Invisible Husband." Isn't it *real* romantic? maiden wives and invisible husbands! Never see them any where else except on the stage! Well, who wants to see them any where else? There was such a splendid house, too. All the society people were there—that is what you call the pork party, and such a lot of eye-glasses I never saw. A good many of them, between you and me, are only just window-glass; but they are nice things to have, because you can cut both ways with them. If you don't have them on of course you can't see any one; and it is quite as impertinent to put them on to look at a person whom you recognize quite well, but whom you desire to snub in a quiet way.

In the beginning there's a wedding with illuminated gardens, and all that sort of thing very nice. Ernest, that's Mr. Lester (what nice dress-coats he does have to be sure!) is the bridegroom, and Louise (that's Miss Stevens—she has a bad figure and dresses horridly, besides being nearly frightened to death, poor thing!)—Louise, like a little fool, has gone and fallen in love with her husband, and has built all sorts of *chateaux en Espagne* about their wedded life. Her sister, that's Mrs. Hoey (I wonder what she would be without crinoline?), says that marriage is a rascally invention (that's because she wasn't married), and how she believes that Ernest will turn out to be a humbug after all. Pretty soon Ernest and his brother Victor (that's Mr. Davenport, who looked just like the leader of Dodworth's band) came out to have a talk, and Ernest tells him how he only married Louise because their estates joined, and then the horrid wretch goes and talks about women in an awful way. I'd just like to pull his ears *once*—that's all. The girls overhear all this, and then Louise, like a woman of spirit (just what I'd do), tells him right up that he is a great rascal, and how she won't be his wife really and truly, but how they will have separate apartments, and all that sort of thing. Then Ernest he gets mad, and says wicked words, and then Louise she cries a good deal, and that's the end of the act. Isn't it nice?

The second act is nice too, but it hasn't any thing to do with the first that I could see. There's the Count Cavalcanti (that's Mr. Walcot, who goes and travels about the country in a breakfast jacket), and the elder sister again, who is a terrible flirt; and an old steward, in which Mr. Blake was so funny, you can't think. What a dear fat old man he is, to be sure! He makes me cry or laugh, just as he likes. Well, the Countess, she flirts with the Count and plagues the old steward, who wears a great many different colored wigs to please her; and then they all have a quarrel, which I knew they were going to make up. Well, now, what do you suppose the end of it is about the others? Ernest's brother—that's the military young man in the red trowsers—he goes and sends Louise all his brother's letters, which are all full of how much he loves his wife, only he don't dare to tell

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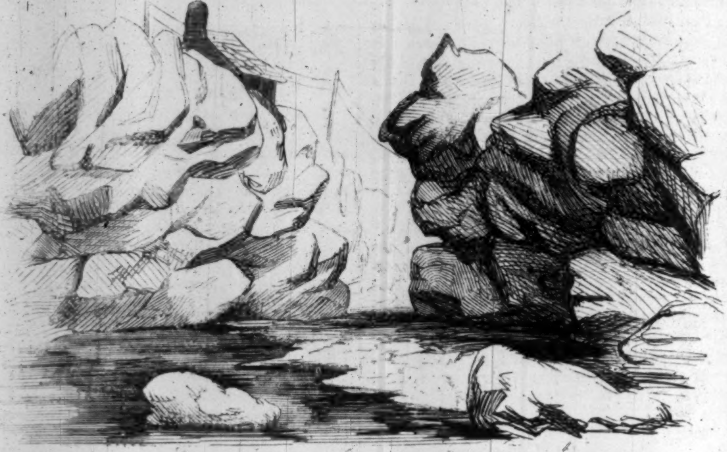
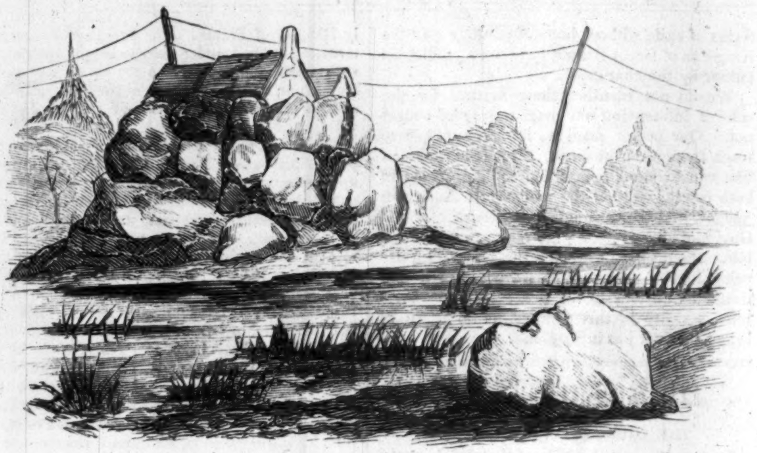
* Inhabitants of other cities are informed that the Lounger is never to be found at the office of the paper, where a large assortment of revolvers, bowie-knives, cutlasses, and clubs is constantly kept, for the purpose of answering questions.



PRESENT STATE OF THE CARRIAGE DRIVE.



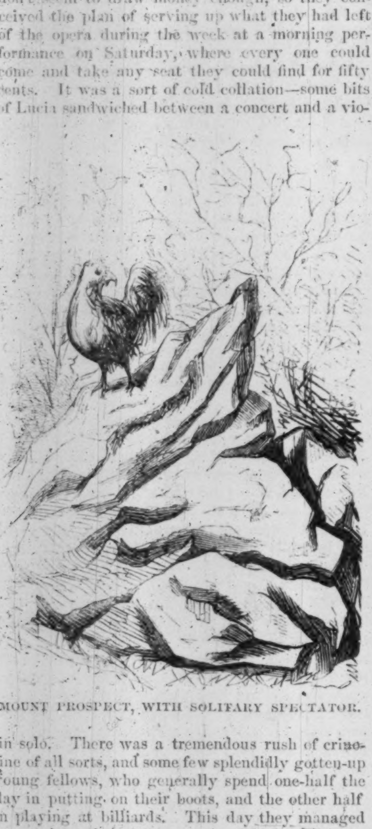
PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE GROVE.

her about it. Then she takes and plagues him for a little while, but finally makes it all up. That's what *I* never would have done, though he took to raising wheat, and turned out to be quite a decent fellow after all. It is a pretty good play, though I have read stories like it over and over again. Haven't you?

I think, after this, I shall get up Ethelinda as a regular critic. She is not half so incomprehensible as some of them.

AN OPERATIC LUNCH.

THEY have queer ideas those Directors of the Academy. Somehow or other the regular nights don't seem to draw money enough, so they conceived the plan of serving up what they had left of the opera during the week at a morning performance on Saturday, where every one could come and take any seat they could find for fifty cents. It was a sort of cold collation—some bits of Lucia sandwiched between a concert and a violin solo. There was a tremendous rush of crinoline of all sorts, and some few splendidly gotten-up young fellows, who generally spend one-half the day in putting on their boots, and the other half in playing at billiards. This day they managed to get into their boots at one o'clock, and by a great moral sacrifice stole an hour from the billiards. The ladies and children, however, came out very strong, and in the half light of the Academy they looked very well indeed. A new singer, Carioli, made her débnt in Lucia. She was not quite easy upon the stage, and her voice grounded upon the rocks in the lower register, where so many light soprano organs have gone to pieces. I have much hopes, however, of Carioli. She is pretty and modest, and displays that nervous flutter which always accompanies the first flights of delicate organizations, whether canary birds or *prime donne*.



MOUNT PROSPECT, WITH SOLITARY SPECTATOR.

THE POLICE.

IN my Bohemian wanderings I have frequently wondered upon the inefficiency of our police. I do not wish to make the comparison so often drawn between them and the London or Paris forces—that would be hardly fair, as our system is quite new. But while we have two or three murders in a night, and in no one case any appearance of the police until long after the harm is all done, it is certainly fair to inquire into the cause. Our men are quite equal to the police of London or Paris, mentally and physically, but their officers do not keep the iron hand of discipline constantly upon them. They are dining, and wining, and electioneering, when they should be at their duty. The men, ruined by this example, lounge about in knots of three or four at the corners, or in bar-rooms, while the most horrid crimes are committed under their noses. It is not much to say that they make arrests; the policeman should, by the moral effect of his presence, prevent the commission of crime. Let the Commissioners double the present force—let the superior officers issue instructions to the patrolmen to keep moving constantly over their beats—let the officers themselves make the rounds at least three times between midnight and four in the morning—let every drinking-shop be closed punctually at midnight—then we shall have less murders, and the price of revolvers shall materially decline.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

THIS incomparable actor has returned to town. As a prince of the Bohemian tribe, I make my *salam* to him. So light, so gay, so airy, so careless at fifty-three! Where did he find the waters of Eternal Youth? He dashes away, and rattles off his pleasant comedies as if it was only a matter of fun to him as well as to the audience. If you meet him in Broadway, you shall see a fine, jaunty, young fellow, dressed with the most exquisite neatness, and always in the highest spirits. I must say, however, that he is surrounded by the worst actors in New York, and it is terrible to see how they slaughter the plays. His friends wish to see him in a small, nice theatre with good people about him.

BOHEMIEN.

THE CENTRAL PARK.

THE public have heard so much of late of the Central Park, in connection with the complaints of the unemployed, that we have thought it would be interesting to publish a few sketches of its present condition, together with a plan of what it will be when the works of improvement and embellishment now in progress have been completed.

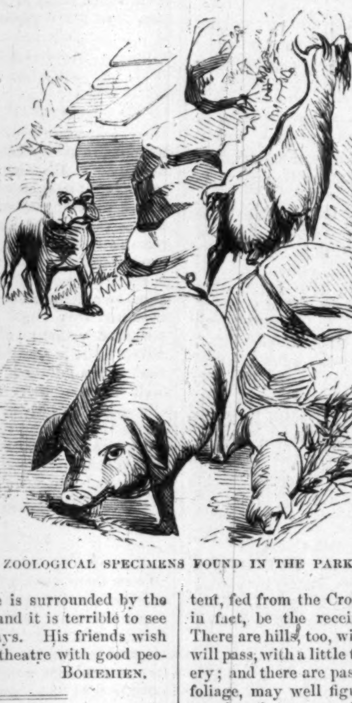
The tract of land appropriated for the Central Park, including the Arsenal and Croton Reservoir grounds, consists of 776 acres, and extends from 59th to 106th streets, and from 5th to 8th avenues. It is one of the largest parks in the world. The Bois de Boulogne is, of course, larger; but ours is twice as large as most of the London parks, as the following table shows:

St. James's Park	87	Acres.
Green Park	58	"
Buckingham Palace Gardens	40	"
Regent's Park	450	"
Victoria Park	300	"
Hyde Park	240	"
Kensington Gardens	300	"
Sydenham Park	200	"
THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK	776	"

The Jardins des Tuileries and the Jardin du Luxembourg are not larger than the London parks; nor, it is believed, are the parks in the cities of the German states more spacious. For size, our Central Park will be almost without a rival.

We are bound to admit, in justice to foreign cities, that they have several parks, while, from present appearances, we shall have but one; and that one from four to five miles distant from the residence of a large fraction of our people. However, for a matter-of-fact, *cui-bono* people like ours, this Central Park is a good beginning.

It has a further advantage over foreign parks in the varied character of its surface. Our artist has seized the ridiculous side of the various prominent features of the Park. In point of fact, it possesses already the several essentials of a picturesque park—pond, stream, hill, rock, plain, and slope. The ridge which rises near the Battery, and forms the back-bone of the Island of Manhattan, traverses the Park from end to end; forming, in the journey, at least two admirable points of view from which delicious views of the adjacent scenery may be obtained. Through the valleys beneath course little streams, which, with the help of thorough drainage, may be converted into large streams, or, as the Europeans would call them, handsome rivers. There is a swamp, or deep declivity, which, under discreet engineering, will be converted into a lake, one hundred acres in extent, fed from the Croton springs. The lake will, in fact, be the receiving reservoir for the city. There are hills, too, with rough, rocky sides, which will pass, with a little trimming, for mountain scenery; and there are passes, which, with appropriate foliage, may well figure as Alpine valleys. Nature has done so much, that there is little left for the engineer but to beautify and trim its excrescences.

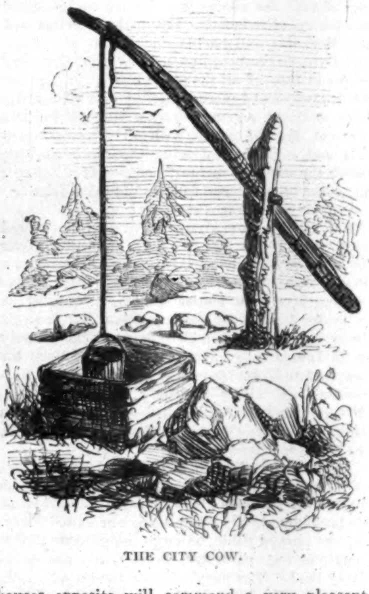


ZOOLOGICAL SPECIMENS FOUND IN THE PARK.

Abroad, on the contrary, nearly all the parks are a dead level. Sometimes a stupid pool of water lies stagnant in the middle of the park, and eternal vigilance preserves a supply of swans on the artificial lake. But hill and dale you shall seek in vain; and as for meandering brook, overhung with noble trees, or fringed with warm-colored bush, no such thing has been imagined. Money could not convert the London Parks or the Tuileries Garden into a romantic woodland, with undulating surface and various landscape.

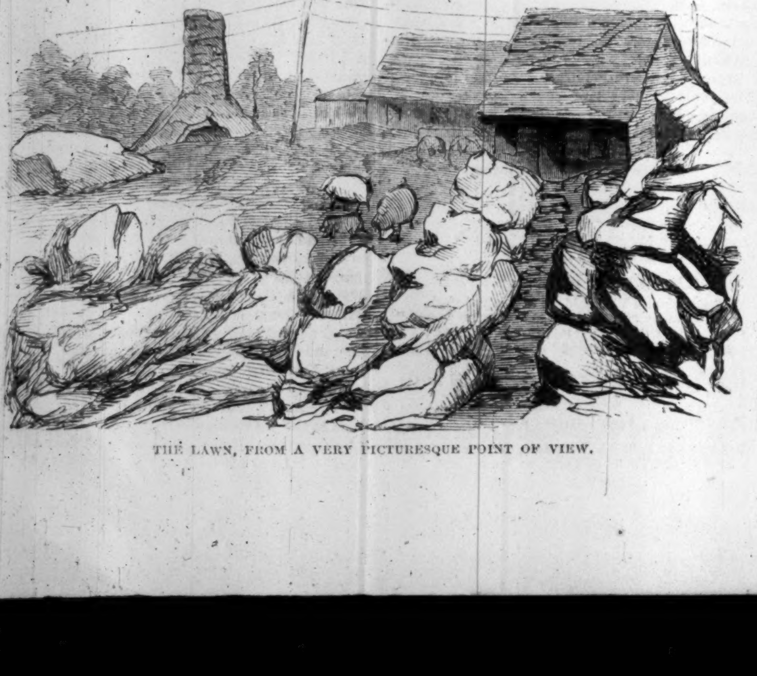
Fortified by this singular advantage, the Chief Engineer of the Central Park, Mr. Viele, has set his wits to work to lay it out in obedience to the laws of landscape gardening without doing violence to the dispositions of nature. Where he found a hollow he proposes to make a lake; protuberances, now rough, rocky, and unsightly, he will convert into charming hills; the level surfaces he will turn to account for parade and cricket grounds. Nature will be allowed her own way wherever she behaves in a decorous and cleanly manner; she will only be interfered with as the most unexceptionable belles are, to have her hair combed, her face washed, and her beauties set off to the best advantage.

The Park will contain, besides the Arsenal, and the Croton Lake and distributing reservoir, a parade ground of fifty acres in extent, on which infantry, cavalry, and artillery can manœuvre together. This will evidently be the spot on which all future reviews of our citizen-soldiery will take place. It will front the Fifth Avenue; and, provided the lager beer and adulterated rum dealers do not usurp the ground on Fifth Avenue, the houses opposite will command a very pleasant view. Behind the parade ground will stand the distributing reservoir, which is a bluff square. To hide the walls of this unsightly edifice, Mr. Viele proposes to erect a system of terraces, which will not only shut out the view of the reservoir, but will afford the people of New York an excellent site for viewing the manœuvres of soldiery on the parade ground. Many thousand people will be able to find room on these terraces to watch the military evolutions, which will seem to be under their feet.

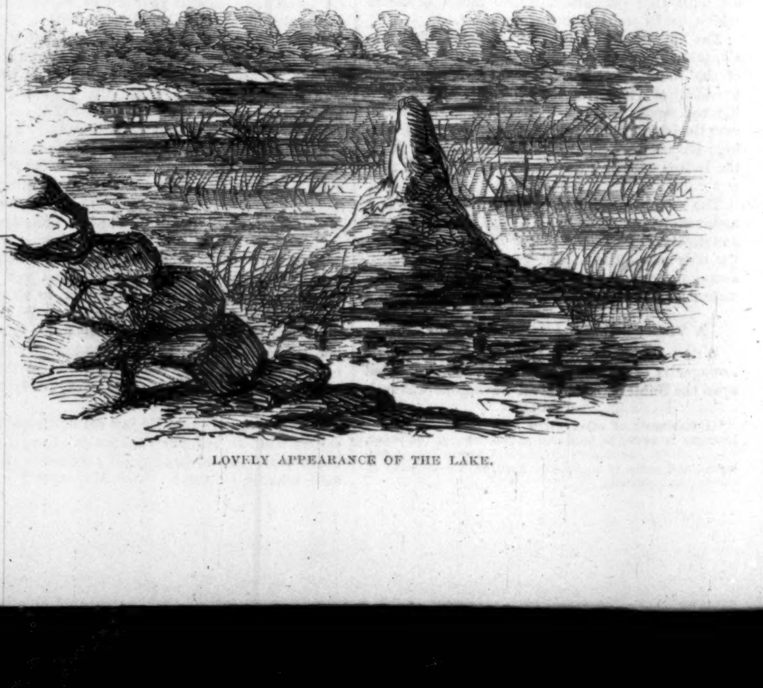


THE CITY COW.

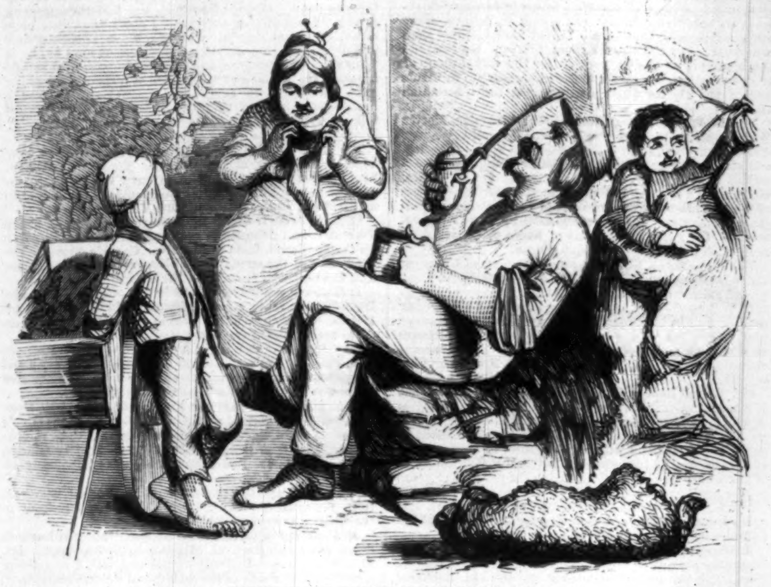
A short distance south of the parade ground will be found the Botanical Gardens. From botanical surveys already made, it appears that the ground is adapted to the cultivation of an unusual variety of plants and flowers. No doubt arrangements will be made to develop its capacities in this respect to the utmost extent. Fictitious atmospheres may readily be created; and, with proper care, almost every beautiful plant in the universe may be shown in these gardens at the proper season. We see no allusion in the plan to zoological



THE LAWN, FROM A VERY PICTURESQUE POINT OF VIEW.



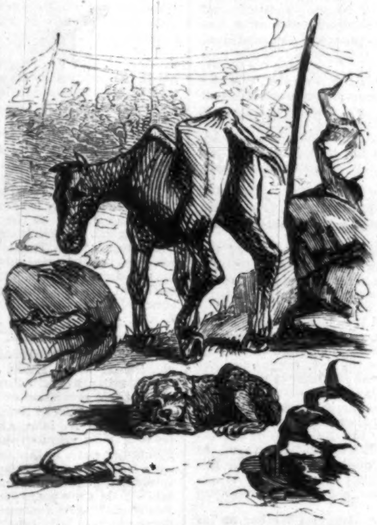
LOVELY APPEARANCE OF THE LAKE.



FASHIONABLE RESIDENTS OF THE PARK.

gardens. These might be very appropriately connected with the botanical region, as is the case at the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. A few acres would afford ample space for a few dozen rare animals, whose constitution was adapted to endure the severe extremes of our climate. We commend the subject to the consideration of the Commissioners. Very few persons take sufficient interest in botany to care to visit at regular intervals a botanical garden, however well kept; but every body likes to see wild beasts, and the spectacle is as instructive as it is interesting.

At another end of the Park an open space is to be laid out as a cricket-ground. It will comprise forty acres, nearly on a dead level—a space quite large enough for the best game of cricket that can be played. As soon as it is laid out Hoboken will be deserted, and the Central Park will be the scene of all future contests between the eleven of New York and the eleven of Canada, Albany, or Old England. Though this tract is called a cricket-ground, it will be open for all other athletic sports; it will be well adapted for foot-races, and games of strength and skill. It may be hoped that, when it is laid out, our young men may discover that billiards and brandy and water are not the only amusements suited for their age and spirit. A foot-race once a week, entries limited to residents of Fifth Avenue and the vicinity, would do something toward the physical improvement of the race. And a wholesome game at base-ball would not be deserving of contempt. Nothing has proved so fatal to the aspirations of our city youth as a lack of physical strength; and nothing could so powerfully contribute to a restoration of that strength as athletic games in the open air. This cricket-ground will be a "great institution."



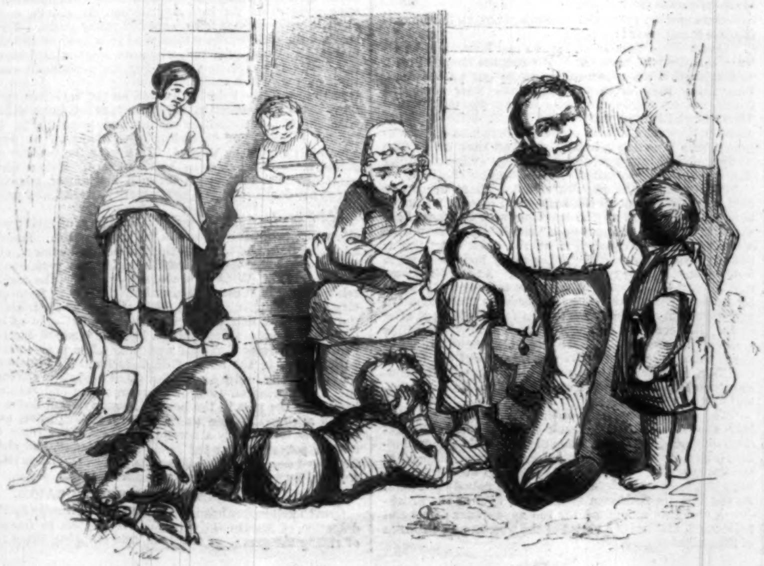
REMARKABLE ZOOLOGICAL SPECIMENS FOUND IN THE PARK.

Of the other features of the Central Park the map will speak. We see a great drive projected, encircling and, in one part, bisecting the Park. The drive is calculated for an "afternoon drive," so that any gentleman who desires to take the air during the afternoon may spend his leisure time in his carriage in the Park without twice going over the same ground. The road-way is undulating, and with the exception of the part lying between the Croton Lake and Fifth Avenue, which is nearly straight—it is all laid out in curves. This is intended to prevent our b'hoys and fast men running races in the Park, and thereby rendering it unsuitable for quiet old fogy carriages. The example of the Bloomingdale Road has evidently not been thrown away on the engineers of the Park.

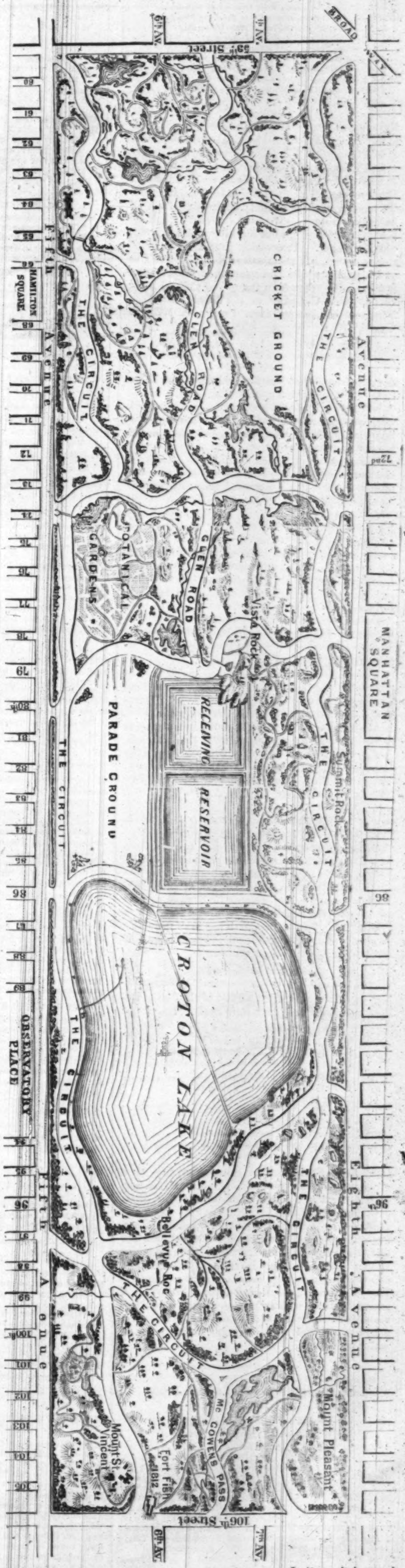
On the Serpentine, in the London Parks, there are, besides swans, boats. Are there to be any boats on the waters of our Park?

Necessarily people can not be suffered to navigate the Croton Lake, whose waters will be the chief beverage of a million of people. But Mr. Viele, whose resources are equal to any emergency, has contrived a series of little lakes (they are dirty mud holes and bogs now), on which, no doubt, skiffs will be kept for the use of adventurers of nautical propensities. On these lakes there will be lovely islands covered with green verdure, and shaded by the most admirable foliage, on which it will be a privilege to eat a picnic dinner. Who will talk of driving to Bloomingdale, or Jersey, or Staten Island, or Babylon, in those days? We shall hire our carriage to drive us to the border of Love Lake (we don't believe in the prosaic nomenclature of the Park Commissioners); there we shall embark in one or more skiffs, and shall go through a period of most delightful excitement, lest our fair companions should get their skirts wet, or exhibit their ankles untowardly, or lest we should all be drowned; having arrived at Flirtation Island (it will be a heavenly place, overgrown with rich spreading trees, so placed that two, and no more, can sit between them, and cleared for purposes of dinner in a shady spot in the centre) we shall disembark, dine delightfully, the music of the rippling water mingling with the crack of the Champagne corks; and after dinner, every Adam will find a very best spot to admire the loveliness of the lake with his particular Eve. Will not that be an improvement on our melancholy guzzling *parties de campagne* at Jones's or Glen Cove?

It will take five years, alas!—so saith Chief Engineer Viele—to realize this Elysium. In five years the thing will be complete, and New Yorkers may boast of having the finest Park in the world. The time is long, one whole fourteenth of the natural span of human life; but such works as this can not be done in a day. How many dollars the operation of transforming unsightly rocks and swamps into Paradisaical retreats will require we are not informed; but it is safe to conclude that the present appropriation will fall far short of the amount really required. One thing is certain, the beauty of the Park, and its availability for the purpose for which it was designed, will depend as largely on the capitalists of New York as on the Park Commissioners, or the Chief Engineer. Already rumors are current to the effect that the corner lots and other desirable sites on the Fifth and Eighth avenues, fronting the Park, have been secured by lager beer sellers and keepers of bar-rooms for the prosecution of their business. Naturally, the temptation to do so must be strong in the mind of every enterprising grog distributor. It need hardly be said that, if the streets adjacent to the Park are peopled with traders of this class, the Park itself will be nothing more than a great bear garden, where the drunken will resort to sleep off their liquor, and the tipsy to seek fights, illicit *rencontres*, and every sort of evil communion. We can not, in this country, adopt, for the preservation of our Park from evil company, the rules which are enforced in the aristocratic countries of Europe. But it is in the power of the leading capitalists of the city to provide against the defilement of Fifth Avenue by drinking saloons; and at any expense this should be done. If such residences as adorn the Avenue above 14th Street are continued to 106th Street, it will be the finest street in the world. If the lager beer dealers are allowed their own way, it will soon be undistinguishable from the slums, and the benefit of the Central Park will be lost to the rich, the peaceable, and the well disposed.



FASHIONABLE DENIZENS.



THE CENTRAL PARK AS IT WILL BE WHEN LAID OUT.

LITERARY.

DANTE'S HELL. Cantos I. to X. A literal Metrical Translation, with Notes. *By J. C. Peabody.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We welcome gladly every work which tends to make the world more familiar with the divine author of the Comedia. The present is a specimen copy, intended, we believe, only for private circulation. The author promises to continue the work hereafter. We sincerely hope he may do so, and finish what he has well begun.

It is impossible to give in a translation even an approximate idea of the great characteristics of a poet. As well attempt with a double bass to render the delicate notes of Ole Bull's instrument, or with the help of a piano to convey an idea of the splendor of the organ of San Germano. Languages have their peculiar capabilities, which authors avail themselves of. The skill of the author is necessarily lost when his words are given in another language.

There are two classes of translations, which have their respective merits. The one is illustrated by Dryden's Virgil, a free and unrestrained poetic translation, not trammeled by strict adherence to the idiomatic expressions, or even to the ideas of the original author. The other is a more difficult work, success in which implies rare skill in the translation. It is the attempt to give in another language the thoughts, even to their most delicate shades, with the words that illustrate them, not, indeed, giving idioms, but giving the precise idea of the idiom in each case. This is the attempt which Mr. Peabody has made, and with a measure of success that should be abundantly satisfactory to himself, while it will afford great pleasure to Italian scholars and admirers of Dante. We select a brief specimen, which admirers of Dante will recognize as the description of the crowd awaiting Charon's boat:

"Then afterward the woolly jaws were calm
Of the grim pilot on the livid marsh,
Who round his eyes had wheels of flaming fire;
Then did those spirits, naked and fatigued,
Their color change, and chatter with their teeth,
Soon as they understood the bitter words;
And then their God and parents they blasphemed,
The human kind, the place, the time, and source,
Of their nativity and of their seed.
And all of them together then drew near,

Lamenting sorely, to that evil shore,
Which waits for every man that fears not God.
Charon, the fiend, with eyes of glowing coal,
Beckons them onward or collects them all,
Smiting whoever lingers with his oar.
And as the leaves of autumn fall away,
One and another, till at last the branch
Beholds its spoils all lying on the ground;
So, in like manner, Adam's evil seed
From off that shore did cast them one by one
At signals, as the bird doth at her call."

RECORDS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, containing the Military and Financial Correspondence of Distinguished Officers, Names of the Officers and Privates of Regiments, etc., etc., *by W. T. R. Saffell.* New York: Pudney and Russell.

Dry and statistical though this book be, it is nevertheless a most profoundly interesting book of American history. We have lingered over it by the hour, not reading, but thinking; not studying, but imagining. It contains page after page of simple names, but those names ring sonorously as one remembers who and what they were. Here is a specimen taken from the roll of Colonel Peter Gansevoort's Company in the third New York Regiment at Albany, from December, 1778, to March, 1779:

Eliphalet Cassels,
Benjamin Cowdy,
Joseph Demont,
Thomas Gregg,
John Goodcourage.

A capital name that last for a soldier of the Revolution. It reminds one of Bunyan.

We have no "Burke's Peerage;" but this book will perpetuate the roll of men who earned immortality in hard battles for freedom, and whose names are our first and highest.

The object of the book is to make permanent the manuscript records of the soldiers of the Revolution. As an aid to pension-seekers it will be invaluable, while it places within reach of all who like the employment the means of ascertaining what family relatives of their own were engaged in the war; and, as the editor well remarks in the preface, it will "be found useful in answering at once, and without trouble, the thousands of letters to members of Congress from their constituents asking information in relation to military services," etc.

Besides these lists the volume contains the revolutionary pension acts, letters and dispatches of various officers, and a great amount of general information on kindred subjects.

The editor of the book acknowledges his indebtedness for some material to "Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution," lately published by the Harpers. This admirable work, in two volumes octavo, richly illustrated by portraits and battle-scenes, is one of the most interesting works in the language, and should be in the library of every family in the country. It is a complete and thorough history. The publication of American historical works like these is a notable feature of the day.

SONGS AND POEMS OF THE SOUTH, *by A. B. Meek.* New York and Mobile: S. H. Goetzel & Co.

We have remarked of late that in England there has been a great increase in the publication of new poetry, while in America there has been no demand, and almost no supply, of the article. Mr. Meek's volume deserves notice for one poem, if for no others. He reclaims in the preface, and gives in the text, a fine poem, which has been generally ascribed to Alexander Smith, and which most of our readers will recollect, commencing

"Oh, the charge at Balaklava!
Oh, that rash and fatal charge!"

Some portions of this are worthy of the first of living poets. Witness such lines as these:

"Far away the Russian eagles
Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles,
Dense and countless, round them yell.
Thundering cannons, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field on every quarter!
Never since the days of Jesus
Trembled so the Chersonesus!
Here behold the Gallic lilies—
Stout St. Louis' golden lilies—
Float, as erst at old Ramillies!"

ROMANTIC PASSAGES IN SOUTHWESTERN HISTORY, including Orations, Sketches, and Essays, *by A. B. Meek.* New York and Mobile: S. H. Goetzel & Co.

We have found in the orations and sketches of Mr. Meek a considerable amount of historical information, and indications not only of a careful examination of authorities, but also of that spirit and love of his subject which are so necessary to an interesting historian. Lovers of American history, and especially those who know the charm that hangs around the story of De Soto and his brave companions, will find in this volume much to attract and reward them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR IN UTAH.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DECLARATION OF WAR.

THE official dispatches concerning the conflict between the Mormons and the United States troops have come to hand. It seems that when Colonel Alexander was within thirty miles of Fort Bridger, which is garrisoned by Mormons, the commander of the Nauvoo Legion handed him a letter from Brigham Young ordering him to leave the Territory. The letter said: "By virtue of the authority vested in me [as territorial Governor], I have issued and forwarded to you a copy of my proclamation forbidding the entrance of armed forces into the Territory. This you have disregarded. I now further direct that you retire forthwith from the Territory by the same route you entered. Should you deem this impracticable, and prefer to remain until spring in the vicinity of your present encampment—Black Fork on Green River—you can do so in peace and unmolested, on condition that you deposit your arms and ammunition with Lewis Robinson, Quartermaster-General of the Territory, and leave in the spring as soon as the condition of the roads will permit you to march; and should you fall short of provisions, they can be furnished you upon making the proper application therefor."

THE MORMON PROCLAMATION.

The proclamation inclosed in the letter, after reciting the outrages and constant injustice which the Mormons had experienced at the hands of the United States Government, went on to say:

"The issue which has thus been forced upon us compels us to resort to the great first law of self-preservation, and stand in our own defense—a right guaranteed unto us by the genius of the institutions of our country, and upon which the government is based. Our duty to ourselves, to our families, requires us not to tamely submit to be driven and slain without an attempt to preserve ourselves. Our duty to our country, our holy religion, our God, to freedom and liberty, requires that we should not quietly stand still and see those fetters forging around us which are calculated to enslave and bring us in subjection to an unlawful military despotism, such as can only emanate, in a country of constitutional law, from usurpation, tyranny, and oppression."

At the close of the proclamation the Governor forbids "all armed forces" from entering the Territory; calls the Mormons to arms for the purpose of repelling invasion; and proclaims martial law in the Territory.

COLONEL ALEXANDER'S REPLY.

Colonel Alexander replied to this missive, simply stating that "these troops are here by the order of the President of the United States, and their further movements and operations will depend entirely upon orders issued by competent military authority."

FIRST OVERT ACT OF HOSTILITY.

Dispatches received simultaneously with the foregoing confirm the report of the burning of trains belonging to the United States troops by the Mormons. Colonel Alexander says: "On the morning of the 5th of October the Mormons burned two trains of Government stores on Green River and on the Big Sandy, and a few wagons belonging to Mr. Perry, sutler of the 10th infantry, which were a few miles behind the latter train. Colonel Waite, of the 5th, though not anticipating any act of the kind, was preparing to send back a detachment to these trains from his camp on Black's Fork when he received from some teamsters who came in the intelligence of their being burned. No doubt now existed that the most determined hostility might be expected on the part of the Mormons."

WHAT THE TROOPS ARE GOING TO DO.

Colonel Alexander, who writes from Camp Winfield, Utah Territory, states that he has determined, in consequence of the hostility of the Mormons, to move the troops by the following route: "Up Ham's Fork about eighteen miles, to a road called Sublette's Cut-off; along that road to Bear River and Soda Spring; on arriving at Soda Spring two routes will be open—one down Bear River Valley, toward the Salt Lake, and one to the northeast, toward the Wind River Mountains, where good valleys for wintering the troops and stock can be found. The adoption of one of these will be decided by the following circumstances: If the force under my command is sufficient to overcome the resistance which I expect to meet at Soda Spring, I shall endeavor to force my way into the valley of Bear River, and occupy some of the Mormon villages; because I am under the impression that the Mormons, after a defeat, will be willing to treat and bring provisions for sale. The supplies on hand will last six months, and if I can get possession of a town in Bear River Valley, I can easily fortify and hold it all winter. There are also several supply trains in the rear, to which I have communicated, and if they receive my letter in time they will be saved, and can join us. If the Mormons are too strong for us, which I do not anticipate, the other road will be adopted, and I will make the best of my way to the mountains, and tent for the winter."

The general impression is that the Mormons will quit Utah Territory, and seek a new home either in New Mexico or in Vancouver's Island.

NEW TREATY WITH NICARAGUA.

The Minister from Nicaragua, Señor Yrissari, was presented to the President on the 17th, and the usual gracious speeches were made on both sides. A treaty with Nicaragua was subsequently concluded. The text of the treaty has not transpired; but it is understood that it guarantees the Transit line, which is to be open to all nations, under the joint protection of the United States and the Central American States; and the maintenance of the ports at the termini of the line as free ports. All sorts of rumors are afloat as to the effect of this treaty on the various transit companies; but nothing is positively known on the subject. It is said that General Lamar, of Texas, will be sent to Nicaragua as United States Minister.

THE ADMINISTRATION ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.

A correspondent, on whose statements reliance may be placed, says: "The administration has received the schedule and outline of the Constitution of Kansas, and will sustain the action of the Convention with regard to the mode proposed for its adoption, conceiving that the people will thus have an opportunity of deciding the question in their own way."

THE PUBLIC REVENUE AND THE PANIC.

The receipts from Customs during the first quarter of the fiscal year 1857-8, were $18,500,000. The estimated revenue from Customs for the remaining nine months is $30,000,000; which, with the first quarter's receipts and the estimated revenue from the sales of lands and miscellaneous sources, $7,000,000, would give $55,500,000 as the probable revenue for the year. The national balance-sheet would therefore stand thus:

Surplus July 1, 1857		$22,000,000
Estimated revenue, 1857-8		55,500,000
		$77,500,000
Definite appropriations	$72,400 000	
Indefinite ditto (estimated)	8,000,000	
		$80,400,000
Estimated deficiency		$2,900,000

It is understood that the Treasury is trying to reduce this by postponing public works; but, on the other hand, the military expenditures in Kansas and Utah will largely increase the debit side of the account. The loss to the Treasury by the Panic is set down at $11,000,000.

BRUTAL WEAPONS NOT PATENTABLE.

The Commissioner of Patents has refused to patent a policeman's club, within the interior of which lancets were hid, with the view of mutilating the hand of any one who might seize it. The Commissioner says that an invention must not only be novel but useful also to be patented. Alluding to the lancet club, he says:

"It is barbarous in its every characteristic, and is as repugnant to the genius of our institutions, and to the morality of that faith in whose shining footprints our legislation strives to follow, as is the scalping-knife of the border savage.

"Whether viewed as a weapon of offense or defense, it is adapted to the hand of the most dissolute and the most dastardly, and evidently belongs to the same class as the slung-shot of the burglar, and the brazen knuckle of the political ruffian. The national honor would be no more tarnished by granting a patent for the one than the other."

PERSONAL.

Sir William Gore Ouseley and Lady Ouseley were the guests of Judge Roosevelt during their stay in this city. They have gone to Washington. Sir Gore has had an interview with the President. Lord Napier's cards are out for a grand *soirée musicale*, in compliment to his distinguished guests.

Among the passengers by the *Niagara* was Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts. Senator Sumner, on landing, was received by Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. N. P. Banks, and Mr. Phelps, and escorted to his residence, where a large crowd had assembled to greet him. After receiving congratulations from his many friends, Mr. Sumner made a few remarks to the assemblage, and retired amidst loud and enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Sumner was followed by Hon. Henry Wilson in a short speech, when the crowd dispersed. Mr. Sumner has been sick during the entire voyage, but his health generally has been so much improved that it is thought he will be able to resume his seat in Congress at its opening.

Hon. William H. Seward was at the Tremont, Chicago, on 10th, where a large number of gentlemen called upon him. Senator Douglas, who was stopping at the Tremont, also paid his respects, and the Railroad Convention, in session in the adjoining parlor, invited the two Senators to visit them. Senator Douglas, in a few brief remarks to the Convention, passed a glowing tribute to the distinguished Senator from New York, whom he had ever found aiding and assisting in every measure calculated to benefit the West, and except in politics, more often acting with him in the United States Senate than otherwise. Senator Seward spoke briefly. He thanked the members of the Convention for the compliment of their invitation, and spoke of the importance of railroads and of the objects which had brought the Convention together.

The celebrated German naturalist and traveler, Moritz Wagner, arrived in this city by the *Ariel*. Mr. Wagner spent three years, from 1851 to 1854, in Central America, and afterward published in the German language an excellent book descriptive of his interesting discoveries. He is now on his way to South America, for the purpose of making scientific explorations in Chili, Peru, and adjacent countries. He is accompanied by a famous lady-traveler, the Baroness Havmayer, and a painter of some reputation in Germany, named Hagen.

The Hon. Esbon Blacknor, an ex-member of Congress and a well-known citizen of Western New York, committed suicide on the 19th inst. at his residence in Newark, Wayne County, by drowning himself in a spring or shallow well in his cellar. He was a baker and produce dealer, and had been compelled to yield to the pressure of the times and make an assignment. This financial embarrassment is supposed to have been the cause of his suicide.

Mr. Joseph Rodney Croskey having resigned the office of American Consul at Southampton, England, the duties of which are now discharged by Mr. William Thomson, the merchants and tradesmen of the town are about to present Mr. Croskey with a testimonial in appreciation of the services he has rendered to the shipping interests of the port from time to time during the number of years he has acted as Consul.

Mr. E. M. Archibald, British Consul at this port, has opened a subscription in this city for the benefit of the sufferers by the Indian mutinies.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston Post thus describes a cabinet meeting in Juliana May's concert room, and the gallant demeanor of our old bachelor President on that occasion: "On a sofa directly in front sat the President, hale and reverend. On another at his right hand sat Secretary Cobb, plump and rosy. And again on his left was Secretary Thompson, frank and happy. On either hand were members of the diplomatic corps, very noticeable among them Napier, with his well-kept air, and Sartiges, tall, uncouth and *distingué*. The piano is played, Miss May the prima donna advances. She is of a tall and somewhat fragile figure, and was well dressed. Will you excuse me if I say that she wore a *moire antique* of Marie Louise blue, full, and with a trail, trimmed with Lama and silver tinsel, bows of blue ribbon and puffs of illusion? Her hair was dressed with blue and drab roses, with pearls, and her bracelets were of pearls. She recognizes the President and courtesies, while he, with a *gaillard* air, thrice kisses his finger tips."

The correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, writing from this city, under date of the 16th inst., thus records his observations: "Our painters are all back for the winter. Many of them will take possession of their new studios in Tenth Street next week. Church is preparing to elaborate his recent South American studies; Fagnani has passed six week in Paris to great advantage, and is at work upon a very promising full-length female portrait—in color, expression, and drawing indicative of much and wise study; Lawrence, the English artist, has just finished what is literally a *speaking* likeness of Hon. B. F. Butler; it has more vital significance than any portrait we have seen for months; it is executed for W. Allen Butler, the author of 'Nothing to Wear;' F. Wenzler is engaged on one of his peerless miniatures and three oil portraits; Kensett is at work upon a series of American landscapes, several of them for English commissions."

Secretary Stanton, of Kansas, has tendered his resignation, to take effect on the 31st of December, when, the President supposes, the State Government will be fairly in operation.

Rev. Mr. Kalloch, of Boston, was at Lecompton, Kansas, last week, and the fact of his having a lady with him caused the gossips of that village a great deal of unhappiness.

Governor Seward entertained the Supervisors of the County at his house in Auburn last Friday evening. He called in person at their room to invite them, and as the Board had not yet convened, wrote a short note of invitation, and handed it to the clerk. The clerk, hastily glancing at the note, supposed it to be a bill against the county, seized it, with his hat, and pursued the Governor some distance, to get his affidavit indorsed on his bill. After running a short distance the clerk caught up; but the Governor didn't think it was necessary to put an *affidavit to an invitation to supper!*

The *True Delta* of New Orleans is much gratified to hear that his Excellency S. F. Slatter will soon depart on his mission to the court of her Britannic Majesty as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Nicaragua, to which he was appointed by President Walker. His Excellency had the choice of either the mission to Washington or the court of St. James, but gave the preference to the latter.

Of the officers who have accompanied Walker on his expedition to Nicaragua, the same paper says:

"Colonel T. Henry, of Albany, New York, as sergeant of the 7th Regiment United States army, carried the colors into the Telegraph Fort at Cerro Gordo, for which gallant action he was promoted to a first lieutenancy. He served in the first Nicaraguan expedition, and was wounded eight times.

"Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Tucker, of Vermont, served as captain of the Mounted Rifles in the Mexican war, was wounded there, and received honorable mention for his gallantry in several dispatches.

"Lieut.-Colonel Swingle, of Boston, commanded a company in Texas, and was present at the battle of San Jacinto. In Rivas he set up a foundry during the siege, and cast the first iron ever cast in Central America.

"Captain J. C. Fayssoux was one of Lopez's first expedition to Cuba. When the steamer *Creole* ran into the bay of Cardenas to land the filibusters, she grounded a short distance from the wharf. Captain F. quietly let himself down into the water, with a rope in his mouth, and swimming to the pier, climbed up and made it fast, standing by the knot until the steamer had been hove in near enough to permit his companions to land. He commanded Walker's schooner, *San José*, on the Pacific, and blew up the Costa Rican brig-of-war *Once de Aibal*, during a desperate fight at sea."

A correspondent thus describes the drive on the Bloomingdale Road, near this city:

"Commodore Vanderbilt loves a fast horse, and he always manages to have one. He and his friend, Frank Work, neglect no opportunities to go out on the road. Sometimes they drive together with their combined teams, and at others each sits behind his own 'flyer.' This was the case on yesterday. The favorite stopping-place on the road now is Jones's. Burnham's, Struckman's, and Woodlawn have about had their day. The Abby departed long ago, and Stryker's Bay is something like what used to be called 'Natchez-under-the-Hill.'

"So Jones's is the popular resort. There every one brings up, and picks up the horses and men he wishes to beat. Knowing, as all the sporting men do, that Commodore Vanderbilt likes a good 'brush,' it is a very wide spread ambition to pass him on the road. But this is not very easily done. Yesterday every body seemed to hold back. No one cared to lead off. At last the Commodore and his friend got in their wagons and started for home. They had no sooner done so than some ten or fifteen other establishments of a fast order were after them. If there wasn't some trotting done about that time I never did see any. There was only one drawback—there were too many in the race, they kept too closely together, and the road was not wide enough. The consequence was that there were only three break-downs, and all tumbled together.

"The Commodore came out all right, and must have been ahead. His friend Frank Work, a well-known retired dry-goods merchant, however, had his wagon broken. Every one in the 'brush,' some dozen, stopped to see the others through, and all seemed to take their mishaps in good part. Nobody swore, and nobody got mad. Mayor Wood's residence is near the spot of the break-down, and this accounted for the appearance of several policemen, aud quite a crowd of the women and children of the neighborhood.

"There is another celebrity frequently seen on our favorite road. George Bancroft, the historian, goes in strong for out-of-door exercise. I don't know that he is afraid of a fast wagon. Perhaps his near-sightedness interferes with his driving. However it may be, he is 'down' on light wagons and often seen upon fleet saddle horses. He rides very well, upon a very good-looking horse, and seems on such occasions to be in as good a humor with himself as he invariably does when seen talking with some handsome woman at the Academy of Music on a favorite opera night."

A public reception was given to the Hon. Neal Dow on Thursday evening at the Frémont Temple in Boston. The hall was filled. The Hon. Henry Wilson presided, and the venerable Robert Rantoul, father of the late Robert Rantoul, Jun., was among the Vice-Presidents.

Captain Isaac I. Stevens, Ex-Governor of Washington Territory, and delegate to Congress, arrived in this city by the *St. Louis*, from California. Captain Stevens was the leader of the expedition which explored, some years ago, the northern route for a Pacific railroad.

It is now conceded on all hands that we are to have two Democratic Senators from Minnesota in the persons of Messrs. Shields and Rice. These gentlemen are expected to reach Washington in a week or two.

The Hon. Horatio Seymour, LL.D., died at Montpelier, Vermont, on 21st instant. He was one of our most prominent and respected citizens, and for some twelve years was United States Senator from Vermont.

It is understood that the New York Democratic Congressional Delegation, at their meeting at Delmonico's the other night, agreed on Orr for Speaker. The majority were also for Allen, of Illinois, for Clerk. In relation to a candidate for Doorkeeper, they were hopelessly divided.

Bird B. Chapman, the delegate in the last Congress from Nebraska Territory, intends to contest the seat in the coming Congress with Judge Ferguson.

A Washington correspondent says: "Mr. Fay has tendered his resignation as Minister to Switzerland. Mr. Mason has responded only to the suggestion of retiring made from this side of the water, and desires remaining. He is supported by the wish of the French Government. Mr. Dodge withdraws reluctantly. Mr. Dallas will be removed. These and other places will be filled in January or February.

DEATH OF GENERAL HAMILTON.

Gen. James Hamilton, of South Carolina, was among the victims of the recent explosion of the steamer *Opelousas* in Galveston Bay. Gen. Hamilton occupied a prominent position in his native State. He served with distinction in the war of 1812, and attained the rank of Major. At the conclusion of the war he returned to Charleston and began the practice of the law. He was soon after elected Mayor of Charleston, which office he filled for several years, and distinguished himself by suppressing the negro insurrection in that city in 1822. In 1823 he was elected to the Legislature of South Carolina, and in 1825 was chosen for Congress, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. William Lowndes. He remained in Congress until 1829, and it was during this time that the Clay and Randolph duel took place. The night preceding the encounter Mr. Randolph sent for Mr. Hamilton, and confided to his care certain tokens of remembrance, to be given friends in case he fell. Gen. Hamilton was a witness of the duel. While in Congress Gen. Hamilton was an untiring advocate of Southern Rights and of Free Trade. He opposed, with much bitterness, the high-tariff movement of 1828, and upon the passage of that act resigned his seat and returned to South Carolina, where he was soon after elected Governor. At his recommendation the celebrated Nullification Act was passed by the Legislature of the State. Governor Hayne, who succeeded him in the Executive Chair, appointed Gen. Hamilton to the command of the troops raised in the State. The demonstration was unwise, and amounted to nothing; but it ruined the General, financially. He afterward evinced great interest in the struggle of Texas for independence, and aided the citizens of the new Republic by his counsel. In 1841 he visited England and France as the representative of the Texan Government, and was instrumental in bringing about the annexation of the Territory to the United States. He has since held business relations in Texas which required his occasional presence. It was while proceeding thither, on board the *Opelousas*, that the melancholy accident occurred which caused his death. His age was sixty-five.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Henry Preisz, seventy-six years of age, walked from Manchester to St. Louis, the other day, a distance of twelve miles, to invite Justice Herkenrath to officiate at the antique ceremony of the "golden wedding" at his house—the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage occurring on that day. He is an Alsatian by birth, but has lived for twenty-six years on the farm where he now resides. His father came to this country during the Revolution, as a soldier under Lafayette. He has ten children, thirty-four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. His wife is a few years younger than himself. His little family all live in a circle of four miles. We doubt not there will be a jolly time at the golden wedding.

PROVIDENCE THANKED DOUBTINGLY.

Governor M'Rae, of Mississippi, has issued an extraordinary Thanksgiving proclamation. He thinks it possible that Providence should be thanked, but apparently isn't altogether certain of it:

"Since I have been in office I have, in each year, as Governor of the State, without any authority of law, but sustained by ancient custom, appointed a day of Thanksgiving. Thursday, the 19th day of this month, is the day now appointed, and I trust it will be observed. There is certainly some super-ruling Providence which has brought us into existence, and which will ultimately accomplish the ends for which we were created, not only as individuals, but as a people. Nothing can, therefore, be lost by recognizing the obligation which we owe to the Supreme Being—by it much may be gained."

A SAD STORY.

A woman, residing in the region of the Miami Canal and Twelfth Street, Cincinnati, recently tried to commit suicide by throwing herself into the canal, but was dragged out both times by persons near at hand. A party conversant with her history gives us a few incidents in her past life that are rather interesting. At the age of fifteen her father died in a village in Western New York, leaving a snug competence for both mother and daughters, sufficient to protect them from want for many years. Time soothed the grief of the widow, and in a year or two she married a second husband, who soon appropriated all of the avails of the property, and left the orphans to work their own way in a cold and uncaring world. At seventeen the would-be suicide married an old bachelor, more for a home than affection, who in a year left her a widow with $10,000, deposited in money and securities in his brother's hands, and depending upon his honor to pay it over as it should be needed. In a year the brother reported the estate exhausted and bankrupt. Two or three years after the lady again married a widower, who left her at his death some $30,000 in money, stocks, and property.

She was then wealthy enough; lived in good style; was a gay and beautiful woman in the prime of life. Honest and confiding, she trusted others to do her business, and as a consequence found herself homeless and penniless in a brief period. With little courage or energy, she sought relatives at the West, and after buffeting about from one city to another, for a season, disheartened at the trials of the world, she married again in Cincinnati—not as before, with happy surroundings, but she wedded far beneath her former position, and year after year carried both deeper in the scale of degradation. The husband indulged daily in liquid potations that made him a brute; the wife attempted to drown present care and remembrances of the past in the bowl. From a decent home to a less comfortable one was a natural consequence, and from that to a shanty a necessity. Hard times came on apace; poverty and want made life a burden, and sick, tired, and desperate, she attempted to put an end to life's troubles by self-destruction, as before related.

A SEXTON ACCUSED OF ROBBING GRAVES.

Great excitement has been produced in Chicago by the detection of Martin Quinlan, the city sexton, in the act of rifling the graves of the dead, and shipping them off in wagons. Eli York, a medical student, who resides in Southern Illinois, was arrested at the same time, but Dr. Brainard, the President of the Medical College, became bail for him. It is supposed that Quinlan has been, for a long time, in the practice of robbing graves and selling the bodies to the Medical College. As long as two years ago, a stranger, having died in Chicago with considerable money about him, persons afterward came on to recognize him, but on opening the grave it was found empty. Supposing that they had opened the wrong one, another was tried, and so on till nine were opened, and all found empty.

A BET OF A KISS.

A beautiful and lovely woman, the wife of a prominent "Republican" politician of Toledo, arrived in this city yesterday to pay a wager of a kiss that Chase would be elected by a majority of five thousand, which bet she made with a well-known Democratic lawyer residing on Fourth Street. According to the agreement the loser was to come or go all the way to the other and pay the indebtedness by the 1st of November, which condition she fulfilled by arriving and preferring payment yesterday—thus anticipating the specified period by a day.

"A DEAD SURE THING."

An acquaintance, while passing over the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from St. Louis to Cincinnati, a day or two since, overheard the following conversation between a quartette of ladies and gentlemen, which struck him as being sufficiently ludicrous to warrant publication. The two ladies it seems were from Kansas, and the gentlemen were traveling acquaintances. The conversation turned on the subject of matrimony, and one of the gentlemen, moved perhaps by the tender passion, asked his female companion if she was married.

"I was married," sighed the blooming dame, "but, alas! I know not if my husband be dead or alive. I heard that he was accidentally killed in Pittsburgh a few weeks ago, and I am now going there to ascertain whether the report be true or false."

"Well, I've got a dead sure thing on my husband," remarked the other lady, "for I saw him buried five weeks ago."

Our friend, who relates this anecdote, suddenly disappeared beneath the voluminous folds of his overcoat on hearing this last remark, and when he again made his appearance his face plainly indicated that some strong internal commotion had taken place within his system.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

FAILURE OF THE ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH "THE LEVIATHAN."

ON the day fixed the attempt was made to lower this colossal steamship at Millwall into the river, but the effort to move her beyond a few feet totally failed, and the gigantic vessel, which ere this should have been a "monster of the deep," remains as firm, if not firmer, than ever upon the river's bank.

At half past twelve on the day of the launch people saw the christening bottle of wine, gayly decorated with flowers, carried forward to the stem of the vessel. Here it was soon suspended, and Miss Hope, the daughter of the chairman of the Great Eastern Company, giving it a hearty swing, dashed the wine over the bows of the vessel, and bade *The Leviathan* God speed, amidst the cheers of thousands. In a few moments afterward the word was passed to commence the launch. At the signals the lighters slowly but steadily commenced to haul taught their tackle from the river, which it was thought would of itself be sufficient to bring the vessel gently down. It appeared, however, to have no effect beyond once or twice producing in the vessel itself a sullen, rumbling noise, like distant thunder, as the great strain told upon her hull. It remained thus for about ten minutes. Expectation was wound up to the highest pitch when the peculiar hissing noise of the hydraulic "rams" at work to push her off was heard. When the rams began to work the order was distinctly given to "wind up"—meaning to coil in the slack between the drum and the cradle. This was accordingly done at the forward drum, but, unfortunately, at the stern of the vessel the men did precisely the reverse, and uncoiled more slack chain. Suddenly there was a cry of "She moves, she moves!" the fore-part of the vessel slipped, and the stern rushed down rapidly. It seemed to slip some three or four feet in the space of a couple of seconds, in consequence of the slack chain from the after drum offering not the least check. In an instant the strain came upon the drum, which was dragged round, and, of course, as that was connected with the windlass by multiplying wheels, the latter turned some ten or fifteen times for every foot the drum moved. The men at the windlass madly tried to hold it, but the heavy iron handle flew round like lightning, striking them, and hurling five or six high into the air as if they had been blown up by some powerful explosion. A panic seemed to spread as this shocking accident took place, and the men stationed at the tackle and fall of the level next the windlass rushed away. Fortunately, most fortunately, for the lives of hundreds of the spectators, the men at the lever at the other side of the drum stood firm, and hauling on their tackle drew their lever up, and applied the break on the drum with such terrific force that the ship instantly stopped, though she seemed to quiver under the sudden check as if she had received a heavy blow, and the check tackle and massive pile of timber which restrained the drums strained audibly. The whole of this took place in the course of two or three seconds. The vessel dropped, the men were hurled from the windlass, and with a heavy rumbling noise the tremendous structure was still on the "ways" again, almost before the spectator had time to imagine what had occurred. For a moment there was rather a panic, and a disposition to run from the spot, but it was only momentary. Four of the men who were injured were carried off to the Poplar Hospital at once, and a fifth, who seemed to have sustained some severe internal hurt, was afterward obliged to be assisted from the yard.

A second and equally unsuccessful attempt having been made to launch her the same day, the launch was postponed to 2d December.

DEATH OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

The London papers contain notices of one of the "merchant princes" of the great Metropolis, who has had most extensive relations with this country. Mr. James Morrison, the eminent millionaire in question, died at his seat, Basildon Park, on the 30th ult., aged sixty-eight, and worth $20,000,000, a considerable portion of which, it is stated by the *Times*, is invested in the United States, and so well invested, too, that it suffers no diminution by the present commercial difficulties. We believe that it was Mr. Morrison who had a suit with the Dry Dock Bank in this city some years since. He went to London a poor boy, and laid the foundation of his great future by engaging in the dry-goods trade, in which he was the first to introduce the principle of selling at a small profit to increase the amount of his sales. He afterward invested largely in lands, and owned large estates in several English counties, and also in Scotland. He was many years in Parliament, and was always a liberal in politics; he was author of a work on the *Defects of English System of Railway Legislation*, and in 1848 a volume was published by Longman containing a selection from his Parliamentary speeches. He was a self-educated man, but he possessed a refined taste in literature and art, and had collected a remarkably rich library and a noble gallery of paintings. He was one of the nobles of England who inherited neither a name nor a fortune, nor was indebted for any of his distinctions to the crown or the people.

THE PRINCE OF WALES RUNNING RACES.

A letter-writer says:

"The Rheinlanders narrate with much glee anecdotes of the sojourn of the Prince of Wales at the Drachenfels, bearing upon his insular and Britannic peculiarities. One is to the effect that the Prince one morning assembled all the juvenile Rheinschnecke (spalpeens), and offered a prize of ten thalers to the boy first at the top of the mountain, with the proviso that he (the Prince) was to be in the race. The line was arranged, a fair start made, when the Prince soon gave evidence of the soundness of his lungs, and his British pluck, by distancing his dirty competitors, and was first at the summit of the Drachenfels. Though the victor, he, however, behaved like a Prince, and enriched the whole fraternity by the distribution of the ten thalers among them."

AN AMERICAN DOG INTRODUCED TO THE QUEEN.

The London *News* of the 2d instant says: "A somewhat singular presentation was made to her Majesty at Windsor Castle on Wednesday last. Mr. E. Butler, of New York, had the honor of introducing his remarkably fine American dog "Prince" to her Majesty and the court in the quadrangle. This dog was born in Pennsylvania, and resembles in color somewhat the coach-dog of other days. He is remarkably docile, yet possesses unusual courage and strength.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD.

Rebecca Mountford was tried at Knutsford, England, for stealing and concealing in her stays £7 10s., the money of her mistress, Mrs. Chappells, of Puddle-Bank. The money had been taken out of a box in Mrs. Chappells's room, and the defense was, that Solomon Chappells, one of the prosecutor's sons, must have himself taken it and given it to the prisoner. On the cross-examination of Mrs. Chappells, the following amusing dialogue took place:

MR. M'INTYRE. "How came you to guess, Mrs. Chappells, where you would find the money?"

WITNESS. "Well, I'll tell you. I prayed to the Lord that he would reveal to me where my money was, and the Lord answered me by a voice, and the voice said: 'You'll find your money in Becca's stays.'"

MR. M'INTYRE. "Was not the Lord's voice something like Solomon's?" [Much laughter.]

WITNESS. "Yes, it was, very like." [Roars of laughter.]

After this revelation it was by no means marvelous that the jury acquitted the prisoner.

LADY FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The following letter from Captain M'Clintock to Captain Barrow, dated August 6th, at Uppernavik, will be read with pleasure:

"Yacht Fox, lat. 71°, off Cape Cranstoun;
closed at Uppernavik, *August 6.*

"MY DEAR BARROW,—Although I have but little news to relate, I am sure you will be none the less rejoiced to hear from the poor little *Fox*. Here she is off Cape Cranstoun, in lat. 71°, having on board an Esquimaux and ten very fine dogs obtained at Disco. She also is complete with coals, having filled up at the coal cliffs in Waigat Strait. I have sent home one of my crew, who proved to be consumptive, and, having proved the others pretty well, I can answer for their soundness and willing cheerfulness. We get on admirably—exactly as in the old *Intrepid*. At Lievely I saw two whaler captains, whose ships were crushed in Melville Bay last June. They seemed to think I should not experience any difficulty. I can not find that we have forgotten any thing, great as was the hurry of sailing. We are very comfortable; our provisions are most excellent. The *Fox* sails well, but steams slowly in consequence of the screw being too small. As she gets lighter she will go better. I have tried her among the ice, and find that her sharp bow readily opens a passage where a bluff one would knock in vain."

A SCOTCH PEER AND HIS PEASANTRY.

On 6th June last an industrious cottar, named Donald Murray, with his sister and two little motherless girls, were ejected from the hut they had occupied for years.

After lying for some time in the open air, the Rev. Mr. Mackellar, parish minister of Clyne, gave them the use of a cart-shed, which they continued to occupy from the date of the eviction till Saturday, 17th October, their little bits of furniture meanwhile lying in the open air. In the mean time it was found that the Duke of Sutherland had no right to the cot from which Murray and his family were ejected, and that it stood on glebe-land, and a case was entered in the Court of Session. Acting under advice, Murray and his family again took possession of the hut, along with part of their furniture, on the date referred to, and immediately, on this being done, the machinery was set in operation for a second eviction. Accordingly, a few days afterward, public attention was attracted to a dense volume of smoke rising from the neighborhood of the manse of Clyne, and it was soon found that Murray's cabin was on fire, and that workmen were actively employed in the demolition of its rude walls. The hut was razed to the ground, and various articles of furniture were also destroyed.

FRANCE.

THE DEATH OF CAVAIGNAC.

The circumstances of Cavaignac's death have been variously stated. The following narrative is the nearest to the truth: General Cavaignac had a small property in the country, between Le Mans and Tours. The estate is called a château, but so small is the house that he was, a year or two ago, busily employed in contriving how to build three or four extra rooms, in order to enable him to offer a spare bed to a friend. On Thursday se'nnight, toward sunset, he was walking in the garden of this château, when a man-servant came up to him to say that he had marked down a woodcock in a close adjoining. The General asked for his gun, and went immediately in search of the game. Whether he fired a shot or not seems uncertain, but he had not long left the garden before he staggered, exclaimed that he did not know what was the matter with him, and handed the gun to his servant to hold. A moment after he said, "I am dying!" He fell down, and breathed his last in the open fields. The cause of death is generally said to be an aneurism of the heart. Others denominate the disease a hypertrophy of the heart, and say he had been long subject to it. But it seems beyond doubt that, to a casual observer at least, he was in perfect health till the moment when he breathed his last.

DRAMATIC DEVOTION OF HIS WIDOW.

His wife, the beautiful daughter of M. Odier, the banker, to whom General Cavaignac was married about six years ago, determined at once to bring the body of her husband to Paris for interment. The next morning she set out for the Tours railway station. Arrived there, a special train for Paris was asked for. The railway officer on duty refused, on the ground that the police regulations necessary for the transport of a corpse had not been complied with. Madame Cavaignac asked to see the chief of the station, and said to him, "I am the wife of General Cavaignac; I am going to Paris with his dead body, to bury it there. I must have a special train immediately." The officer furnished a special train at once, and telegraphed to all the stations to keep the line clear. Madame Cavaignac proceeded to Paris, sitting by the side of the corpse, dressed in ordinary clothes—the clothes in which he died—as a living man. With wonderful courage and devotion she often took the body on her knees, and wept over it. At Paris, lying in a dressing-gown, his fine countenance calm and unchanged, the dead body of General Cavaignac was seen by a very few intimate friends—M. Goudchaux, M. Havin, and M. Pescatore being of the number. Baron de Baragui, the General's uncle, was also there. An eye-witness says that some of the bystanders said to the bereaved infant, of four years old, "Regarde bien ton père; il est mort." The poor child was too young to understand its loss, and replied, with a look of sad curiosity, "Il dort bien."

HIS FUNERAL.

He was buried on the following Saturday with military honors. All was conducted with order and regularity, though the crowd who accompanied the hearse to the gates of the cemetery could hardly be less than 15,000. A small portion only of the *cortége* was admitted inside. Most of those forming it were well-dressed persons, apparently merchants and shopkeepers, who, no doubt, remembered with gratitude the services rendered by the deceased General in June, 1849. It was remarked that there were at least six times as many of the Republican party present at the funeral of Godfrey Cavaignac, the General's brother, who died in Paris not long before the Revolution of 1848. As the hearse passed slowly along every hat was raised, and the spectators often remained bareheaded until it was out of sight. When the coffin was deposited in the tomb and the prayers for the dead were recited, the troops fired over the grave of the departed soldier, and paid the other military honors usual on such occasions. There was no address spoken. The troops soon returned to their quarters, and in less than an hour the streets through which the *cortége* passed resumed their ordinary appearance.

BUTCHERS' PROFITS IN PARIS.

A controversy that has long raged between the butchers and the *Siècle*, as to whether the profits of the former are reasonable or not, is about to be settled by a formal experiment. The *Siècle* says:

"If we understand the butchers correctly, they propose—1. That the experiment shall take place in presence of the Administration; 2. That we may invite our colleagues of the press; 3. That in all the operations of purchasing, cutting up, and sale, we may cause ourselves to be represented by practical men chosen by us; 4. That the honorable ex-President of the Committee of the Assembly shall be invited to state the results of his experience to the members of the new commission; 5. That the experiment shall take place at the expense of the butchers. We accept the experiment on these terms. The *régime* of monopoly, in spite of its antiquity, of which the butchers appear so proud, as if the duration of an abuse rendered it more respectable, will be placed before the public. We shall see how it can defend itself, and how it will endeavor to shelter itself behind experiments already executed on bad conditions. The monopoly has acted audaciously in throwing down the glove, which we now take up."

NARROW ESCAPE FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH.

The men in charge of a flat-bottomed boat in which a quantity of timber had been piled, in one of the docks at Marseilles, were greatly surprised to hear on Wednesday morning what appeared to be a human voice in the bottom of the hold. At first they thought they were laboring under an illusion, but the cries were repeated again and again, and at length they proceeded to remove the timber; they then discovered to their astonishment a man in the hold, who appeared in the last stage of starvation. He begged them to give him a glass of rum, and when they had done so, he related that three days before he had got quite drunk by drinking wine from the casks which had been piled up on the quay; that he had then staggered to the hold of the vessel to sleep himself sober; and that while he was there the timber had, unperceived by him, been piled above him. He says that he slept for several hours, and that, on awaking, he was horror-struck at finding himself imprisoned in a hold without means of escape. He shouted, and made all the noise he could, but in vain, and he repeated his cries as often as his strength would permit. His sufferings from hunger were, he states, terrible.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

Of a famous thief, just arrested at Paris, a curious anecdote is related: A tradesman one day, at a review in the Champ de Mars, pulled in play a handkerchief from the pocket of a friend; at the same moment a man standing near him, who was the prisoner, slipped into his hand a snuffbox, saying, "I do not like to steal from colleagues." This snuffbox the tradesman to his astonishment perceived was his own, and it must have been taken from his pocket only a few minutes before. The thief after restoring the box went away, and the crowd prevented the tradesman from following him.

HUNGARY.

MURDER AND RAPINE.

From the following extract from a letter from Hungary, it appears that that country more nearly resembles New York in one particular than any other part of the world: "Our papers contain detailed reports of the numerous robberies and murders which are committed in Hungary, but a brief account of two or three of them will suffice to give a correct idea of the way in which matters are generally managed in that Austrian land of promise. In the evening of the 13th, while it was still light, six men, armed with double-barreled guns, entered the house of a wealthy peasant in the Szalad country and demanded his money. As the man refused to say where he kept it, the ruffians bound him, stabbed him in the soles of his feet with their knives, and four times strewed glowing embers over his body. The booty carried off was large. On the 19th inst., in the afternoon, M. von Nagy, a landed proprietor, was attacked in his house by five robbers, who carried off 12,000 florins and a new double-barreled gun. In the evening of the 16th inst. three robbers, 'who were armed to the teeth,' entered an inn kept by a Jew, in the Weszprim country, and struck him about the head with their hatchets until he was senseless. They then robbed him of about 500 florins, and, after having 'torn' his wife's rings out of her ears, walked quietly away. As has already been said, the gendarmes, who are not sufficiently numerous in Hungary, receive little support from the troops and none from the people."

RUSSIA.

MASONRY TOLERATED AT LAST.

"The government of St. Petersburg," says the *Konigsberg Gazette*, "has decided on not preventing, for the future, the masonic lodges from increasing in Russia. Hitherto that association has been interdicted there, each public functionary being obliged to pledge himself not to form part of it. The Greek church had, in fact, at one time, visited it with an anathema. Notwithstanding these precautions, there is no doubt that masonic lodges have long existed secretly in the interior of Russia."

LOCOMOTIVES AT MOSCOW.

At Moscow, lately, great curiosity was excited by an experiment being made with a new description of locomotive, running along the streets, and so constructed as to cause the wheels to lay down a sort of wooden rail as they advanced. The locomotive dragged after it a number of carts, heavily laden. The experiment, though the first made, has perfectly succeeded. The author of the invention is a trader of Moscow, named Prokhoroff.

AFRICA.

PROGRESS OF EXPLORATION.

The exploration of Africa, in which so much progress has been made of late years, is still pursued with vigor. In spite of the disastrous loss of life which attended the first attempt to explore the Niger upward from its mouth, that object is still zealously pursued. A new expedition has lately been fitted out for that purpose in the steam-propeller *Day Spring*, composed of fourteen Europeans, twenty-five natives of the countries on the Niger, and fifty Kroomen. It is intended to try the experiment of establishing trading posts on the banks of the river for the collection of cotton and other native produce. It is thought that the return to their native countries of captured Africans, who have acquired the English language and obtained some ideas of European civilization, may help a good deal in opening the way for a trade with those countries.

While the English are thus engaged on the Niger, the Portuguese have an expedition on foot for exploring the Congo. It is said to be under the command of an accomplished officer, who is directed to make a complete survey of the river.

INDIA.

SUPPRESSION OF THE REVOLT.

The following news from India was received in England by telegraph from Alexandria on November 11.

The *Hindostan* arrived at Suez, from Calcutta, on the 5th instant, with Calcutta dates of October 9, Madras 14, Galle 18.

Delhi, which fell into the British hands on the 20th September, was entirely occupied on the 21st, and the whole of the enemy expelled. In the assault of the 14th, 61 officers, and 1178 men—being one-third of the storming force—killed and wounded. General Nicholson had died of his wounds on the 21st. The old King, said to be seventy years of age, surrendered to Captain Hodgson and his cavalry, about fifteen miles south of Delhi. He was accompanied by his chief wife. Their lives were spared. Two of his sons, and a grandson, also captured by Captain Hodgson, about five miles from Delhi, were shot on the spot, and their bodies brought to the city and exposed at the police office. Two movable columns were dispatched from Delhi on the 23d in pursuit of the enemy. By accounts from Agra, one column appears to have reached the neighborhood of Allyghur, and the other that of Muttra, on the 28th September. General Havelock, with 1500 men, crossed the Ganges from Cawnpore September 19th, and relieved Lucknow Residency on the 25th, just as it was ready to be blown up by its besiegers. On the 26th the enemy's intrenchments were stormed, and on the 29th a large part of the city was taken—450 killed and wounded. General Neill was killed. There has been a slight rising of the rebels near Nassack in the Bombay Presidency, in the suppression of which Lieutenant Henry of the Police was killed. Madras troops defeated the mutineers of the 52d near Kemplee, and killed 150.

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE IN INDIA.

Mr. J. P. Grant, the Lieutenant-Governor who has been sent by the Government of India to the seat of war, has been making himself obnoxious.

General Neill has already experienced proof of Mr. J. P. Grant's insolence and assumption of power. Although Mr. Grant on arriving at Benares found himself compelled to shut himself up in his house, on account of the temper of the European troops, who had heard of his mission, still he lost no time in transmitting orders to General Neill to put a stop to all hanging until the sentences should be transmitted to Benares and confirmed by himself. The gallant Neill, it is stated, replied that the country was under martial law, and that he would take his own course.

On his arrival at Benares, Mr. Gubbins, the judge, who during the terrible crisis at Benares, by his undaunted pluck, firmness, and energy saved that city from pillage, happened to come on board the steamer in ordinary costume. Mr. Grant, puffed up with the pride of his little brief authority, sent his military secretary to inquire why Mr. Gubbins had presumed to enter his presence not in full dress. This little incident is eminently characteristic of the man.

SEVERE PUNISHMENTS.

Stories are already afloat of horrible cruelties inflicted by the British soldiers; the following may go for what it is worth.

It is said that, at Cawnpore and the neighborhood, the Queen's 78th regiment put to death not fewer than ten thousand people; or, according to another version, killed all the natives they could get at, whether men, women, or children. At Dinapore a portion of the Sepoys, at great personal risk, remained faithful, and refused to march with the mutinous regiment; but the Queen's 10th, after its encounter at Arrah, went to the barracks where the faithful Sepoys were, and said: "What! are these black devils to be spared merely because they have given up their arms?" Then, amidst curses and imprecations, they turned the unarmed Sepoys into the barrack-yard, and had killed a considerable number of them before the massacre could be stopped. The numbers of killed and wounded by this process are variously stated, but we hear that nearly half of the hundred who were taken out had thus to suffer. This, however, is the mildest version of the Dinapore affair. The bayonet as well as the bullet was used by the soldiers of the 10th, and one of their victims was a woman.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE CAWNPORE MASSACRE.

Mr. Shepherd, of the Commissariat, has given the first official occount of the massacre at Cawnpore. We extract the following:

"On the evening of the 15th July a decree was issued to apprehend the natives and Baboos after the Nena's return from the field of battle, where he proceeded on the 16th July, after causing the murder, on the 15th, of the English prisoners. The native spies were first put to the sword, and after them the gentlemen, who were brought out from the out-buildings in which they were confined, and shot with bullets thereafter. The poor females were ordered to come out, but neither threats nor persuasions could induce them to do so; they laid hold of each other by dozens, and clung so close that it was impossible to separate them or drag them out of the building. The troopers, therefore, brought muskets, and after firing a great many shots from the doors, windows, etc., rushed in with swords and bayonets. Some of the helpless creatures, in their agony, fell down at the feet of their murderers, clasped their legs, and begged them in the most pitiful manner to spare their lives, but to no purpose. The fearful deed was done, most deliberately and completely, in the midst of the most dreadful shrieks and cries of the victims. There were between 140 and 150 souls, including children, and from a little before sunset till candle-light was occupied in completing the dreadful deed. The doors of the buildings were then locked for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Next morning it was found, on opening the doors, that some ten or fifteen females, with a few of the children, had managed to escape from death by falling and hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow-prisoners. Fresh orders were therefore sent to murder these also; but the survivors, not being able to bear the idea of being cut down, rushed out into the compound, and seeing a well there, threw themselves into it without hesitation, thus putting a period to lives which it was impossible for them to save. The dead bodies of those murdered on the preceding evening were then ordered to be thrown into the same well, and 'Jullads' were employed to drag them away like dogs."

LADY CANNING'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATROCITIES IN BENGAL.

In a speech recently delivered in England, Lord Shaftesbury said: "I myself saw the other day a letter from the highest lady now in India, describing that day by day ladies were coming into Calcutta, their ears and their noses cut off, and their eyes put out; that children of the tenderest years have been reserved to be put to death under circumstances of the most exquisite torture, in cold blood—not in moments of excitement, as you may read, as when the town of Magdeburg was sacked by the imperialists, but reserved to be tortured, with circumstances of the utmost refinement, before the eyes of their parents, who were made to witness the cruelties inflicted, who were made in cold blood to swallow portions of the flesh cut from the limbs of their children, and themselves afterward burned upon a slow fire, to gratify the malignity and the hellish temperament of those creatures who bear the human form."

BLOWING SEPOYS FROM GUNS.

A physician thus describes this horrible scene: "This first parade was a horrible sight, but the blowing away from guns is most appalling. After the explosion, the grouping of the men's remains in front of each gun was various and frightful. One man's head was perched upon his back, and he was staring round as if looking for his legs and arms. All you see at the time is a cloud like a dust storm, composed of shreds of clothing, burning muscle, and frizzing fat, with lumps of coagulated blood. Here and there a stomach or a liver comes falling down in a stinking shower. One wretched fellow slipped from the rope by which he was tied to the guns, just before the explosion, and his arm was nearly set on fire. While hanging in his agony under the gun, a sergeant applied a pistol to his head, and three times the cap snapped, the man each time wincing from the expected shot. At last a rifle was fired into the back of his head, and the blood poured out of the nose and mouth like water from a briskly handled pump. This was the most horrible sight of all. I have seen death in all its forms, never any thing to this man's end."

WHY THIS PUNISHMENT IS CHOSEN.

A correspondent gives the following explanation of the selection of this punishment:

"You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hung or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the funeral rites required by his religion; if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and that it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body is agony to him."

THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.

The plan and picture on these pages will make the story of the assault and capture of Delhi perfectly plain to every mind. Our subscribers will do well to lay them aside for future reference.

The city of Delhi has been often described. We gave in No. 42 of this paper a history of the vicissitudes which it has undergone since it was the Queen City of Hindostan. Once upon a time, so history tells, it contained a million of inhabitants; now its population is one-third that of New York, and its circumference not greater than seven miles. The walls form a bow, of which the River Jumna is the cord; the entrances to the city are by the gates shown in our picture and plan.

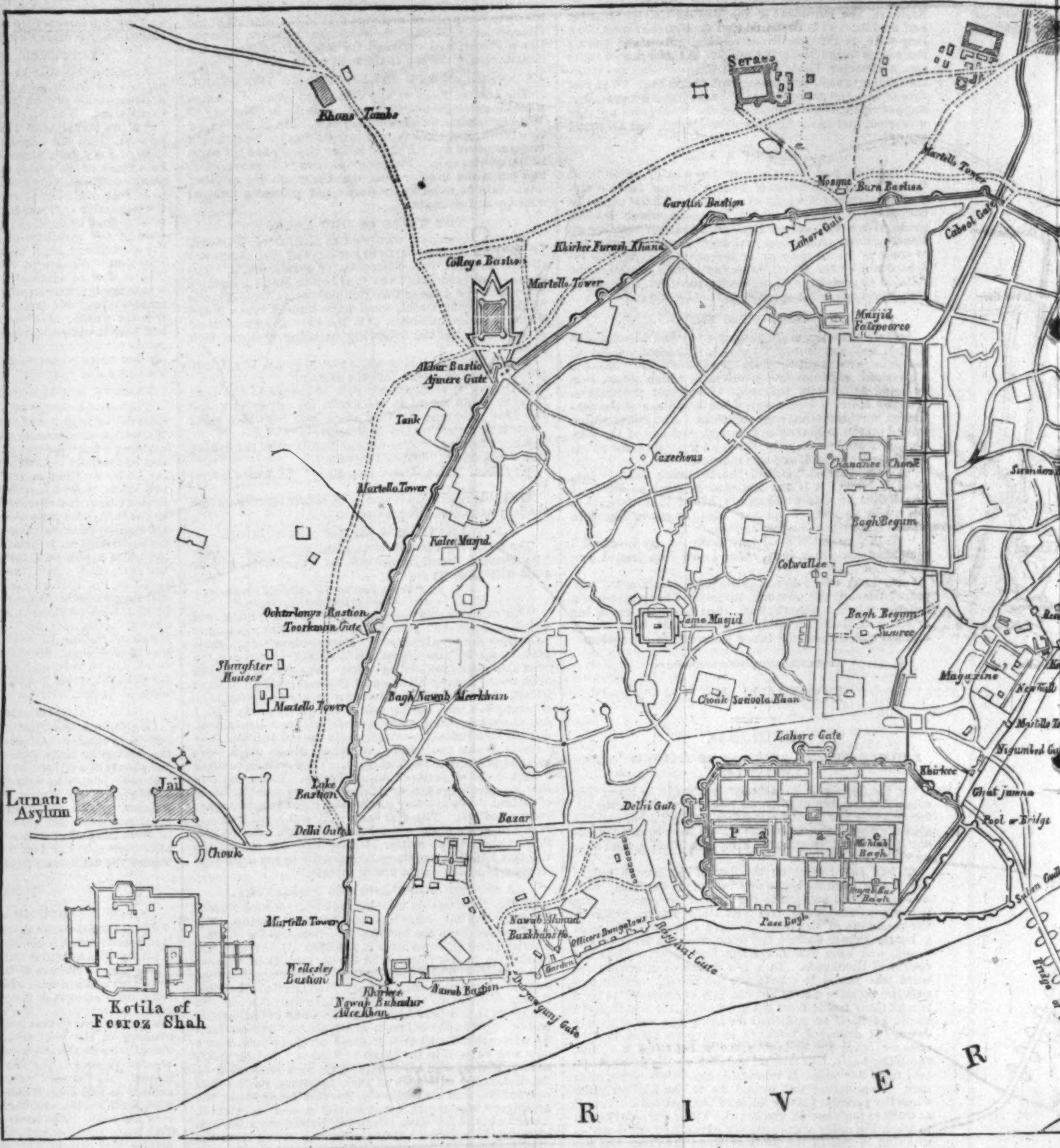
Inside the city the great feature is the Chandery Choke, the Broadway of Delhi. Oriental cities, as a general rule, have no streets worthy the name; a few narrow lanes, sometimes overarched, divide the houses and serve as channels of communication. Of course no sidepaths are possible in these lanes; horses, mules, camels, foot-passengers, elephants, and carts are all mingled together, and the right of way belongs to the strongest. To this general rule the Chandery Choke is an exception. It is a fine broad street, so wide as to partake of the character of a square, and to allow of the erection of tents on its surface. The houses on either side are spacious and elegant; balconies—*à l'Italienne*—overhang the square, and afford a cool resort for the rich residents and visitors of Delhi. In the evening these balconies are usually thronged with men in loose linen clothing, smoking their hookas and gazing down upon the crowd of camels, men, elephants, horses, and mules beneath; ladies, also with hookas, occasionally dot the scene; but this is considered immodest. Every body contributes something to the general din. The camels groan, the elephants whistle their shrill cry, the horses and mules snort, many of the drivers sing, all the traders shout, and most of the lookers-on converse in tones loud enough to be heard—that is to say, at the top of their voice. Add to this that Delhi is the residence of a variety of native nobles, none of whom go out without guards of honor and heralds, all roaring, at intervals, "Make way for the mighty Rajah of ——, the brother of the moon and the commander of ten thousand horse!" and an idea of the Chandery Choke, in these latter days of its tranquil prosperity, may be formed.

A very different place it must have been during the week ending 19th September. When the mutineers were driven from the northern wall they fell back on the other large edifices of the city—the Magazine, the Palace, and the great dwellings on the Chandery Choke. From these they were driven in the course of the next few days at the point of the bayonet. One can readily conceive the appearance of the great thoroughfare during the final scene of slaughter. It must have been, as the papers say, positively knee-deep in blood.

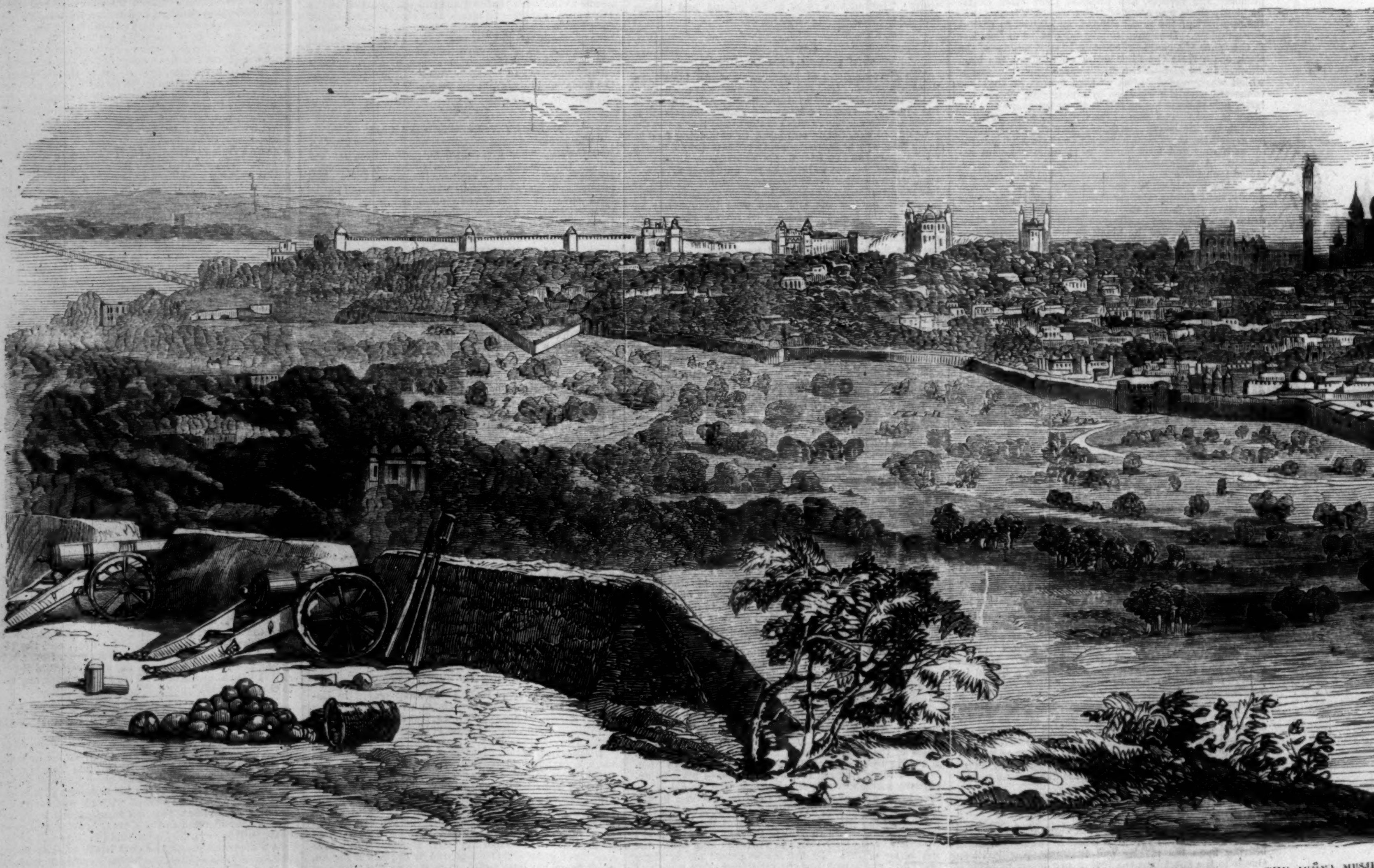
The chief edifice of Delhi is the Emperor's Palace, which will be found on our plan near the River Jumna. It is quite a little town in itself, and used to contain, before the mutiny, full a thousand men, retainers of the King of Delhi, besides the ladies of his harem, who, at one time, numbered as many more. It was from this palace that Moore borrowed the *refrain* of his famous song—

> "And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth
> It is this, it is this!"

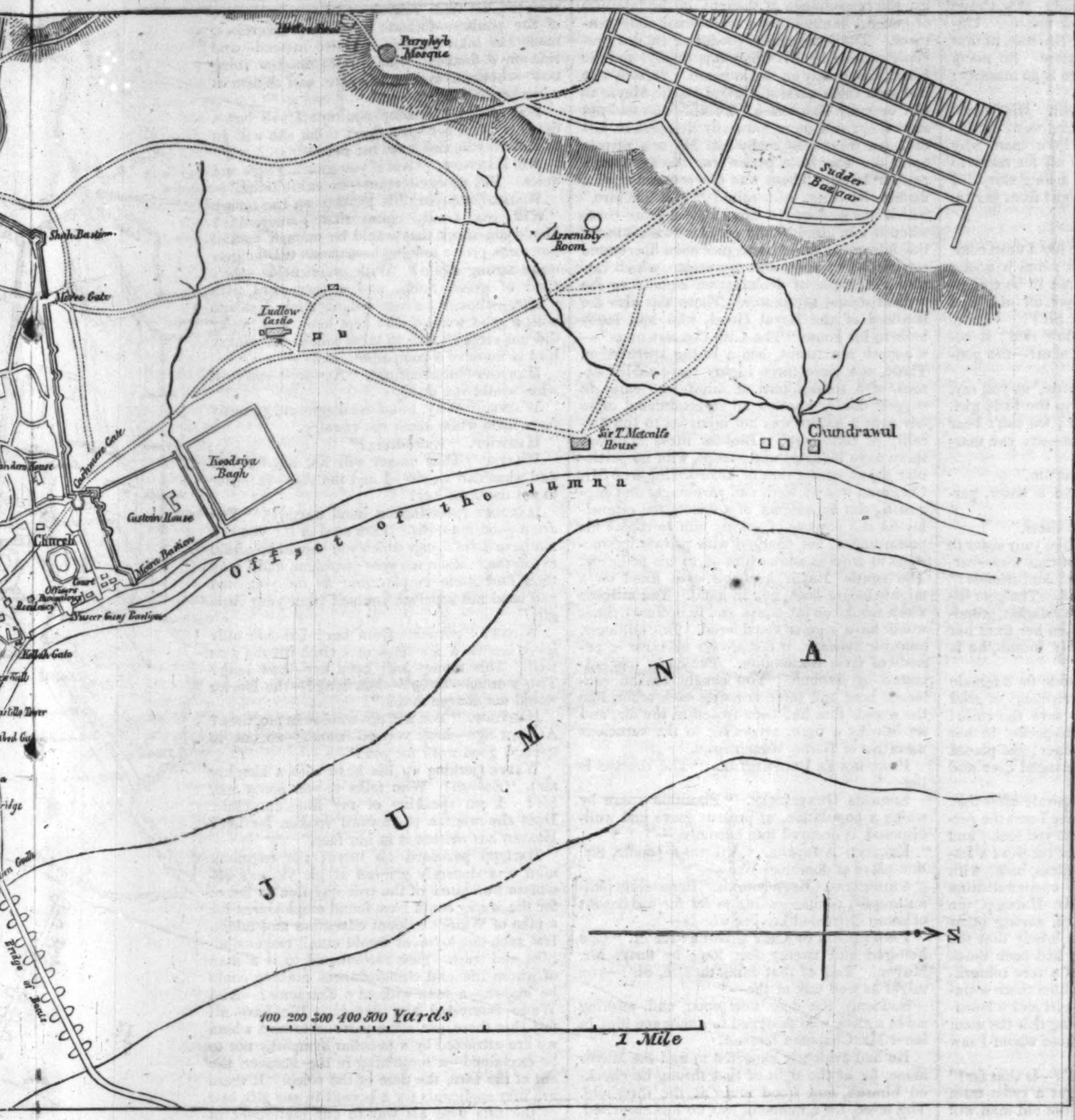
These words are in fact inscribed over the principal gate. The defenders of the palace in the month of September last must have found it any thing but an Elysium. In the court-yard of the palace the King of Delhi loved to gather the most beautiful of the many-beautiful animals with which India teems. There, under the shade of spreading trees, noble elephants were fanned by obsequious attendants; sacred cows, clad in cloth of gold, lazily browsed; camels stood imperturbably gazing into space; fowls of every description encumbered the ground. In the trees above, peacocks and birds of every variety of rich plumage—blue, yellow, purple, green, and golden—flashed through the sunlight amidst the leaves; fit emblems of Oriental magnificence. At one end of the yard a band of musicians played the latest music. Though it is surrounded with pretty substantial walls and a deep moat, it became too hot for the Sepoys as soon as the siege-train was planted on the Cashmere bastion, and a mortar safely carried to the walls of the Arsenal; a few hours sufficed to dislodge the defenders, and to destroy the dusty, worm-eaten relics of the splendor of the Great Mogul. Henceforth, travelers will be obliged to take for granted the stories which are current about the magnificence of the dwelling of the great Aurungzebe and Jehan; by this time, in all probability, hardly one stone is left upon


Khans Tombs
Seraes
Mosque
Bura Bastion
Martello Tower
Gurstin Bastion
Lahore Gate
Cabool Gate
Khirkee Furash Khana
College Bastion
Martello Tower
Masjid Fatepooree
Akbar Bastion
Ajmere Gate
Tank
Cazeehous
Chananee Chowk
Martello Tower
Kalee Masjid
Bagh Begum
Colwallee
Ochterlonys Bastion
Toorkman Gate
Jame Masjid
Bagh Begum
Sumree
Shughter Houses
Martello Tower
Bagh Nawab Meerkhan
Chouk Sadoola Khan
Magazine
Lahore Gate
Khirkee
Ghat jumna
Pool or Bridge
Lunatic Asylum
Jail
Lake Bastion
Delhi Gate
Chouk
Bazar
Delhi Gate
P a a c e
Mehtab Bagh
Hayat Bux Bagh
Pace Bagh
Kotila of Feeroz Shah
Martello Tower
Nawab Ahmud Buxkhans Ho.
Officers Bungalows
Garden
Rajghat Gate
Wellesley Bastion
Khirkee Nawab Buhadur Alee Khan
Nawab Bastion
Durya-gunj Gate
Salem Gur
Bridge
R I V E R

PLAN OF THE CITY OF DELHI, AND THE


THE PALACE.
CASHMERE GATE AND BASTION.
MOHUR OR MOREE GATE AND BASTION.
THE JUMNA MUSJ
BRITISH BATTERY.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY O



THE BRITISH POSITION BEFORE THE ASSAULT.

another, and all that was portable in the way of treasure has been divided among the soldiers. Henceforth, the captain of the Sepoys who mount guard at the gate will be dispensed from the jailor-like duty—invariably fulfilled by his predecessors—of seeing that the King had not made his escape; and the vagabonds and lovely women of Cashmere, the eunuchs and the sweet-faced girls of Georgia, the barbers and the men-at-arms, will have to find other vocations.

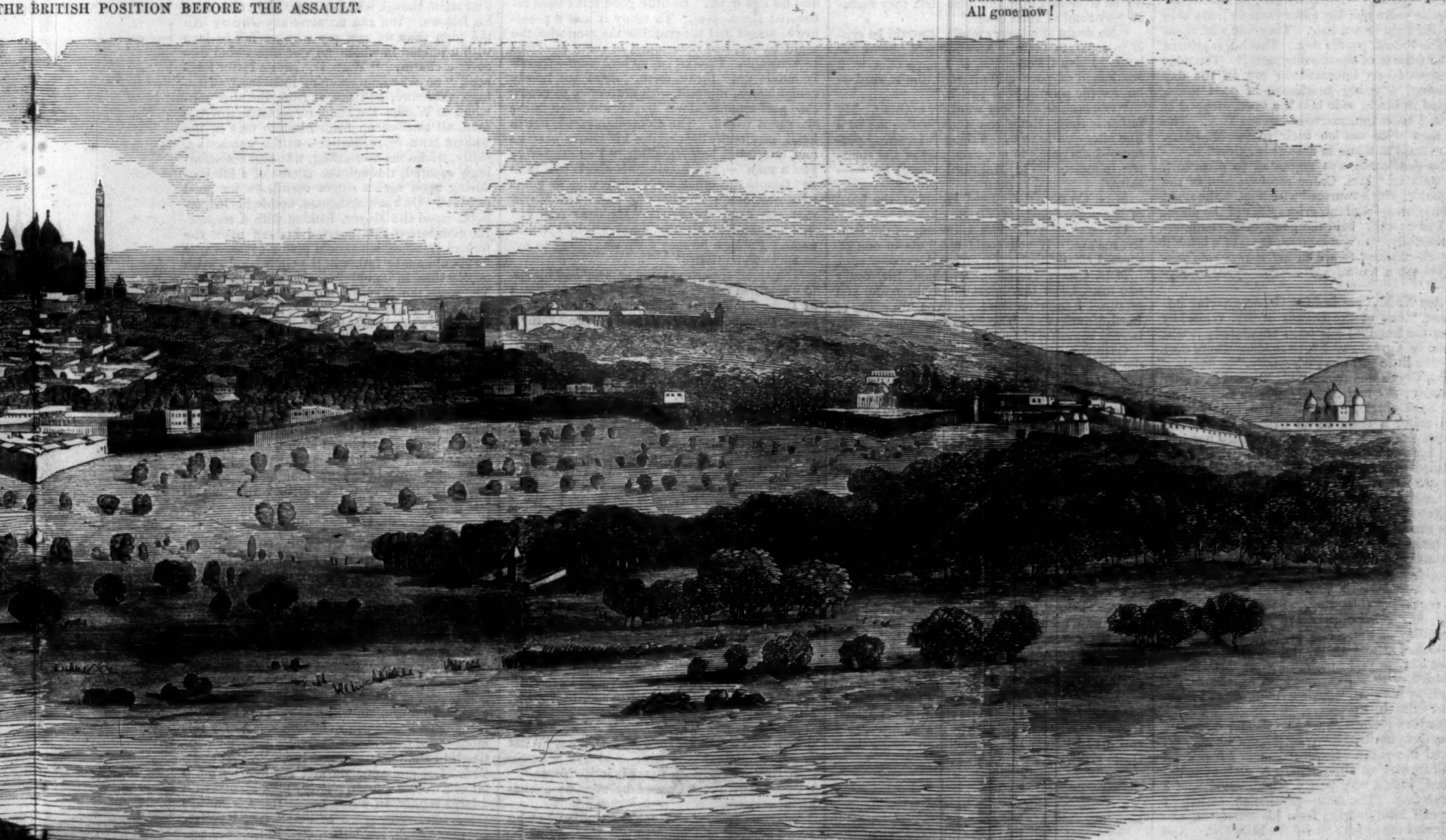
Another fine building, which visitors were always taken to see, was the Jumna Musjid—the chief of the forty mosques of Delhi. It is situate on an eminence, and is only approached by an immense flight of stairs; reminding the traveler who has been to Rome of the Holy Stairs, which it is piety to ascend on one's bare knees. At the top of the stair-case is a quadrangle, in which stands the mosque—a very fine one. The mutineers planted their cannon there, in spite of religious scruples; and when they were driven out, the English riflemen found it a good stand for shooting the fugitives as they crossed the bridge. When war breaks out, the first places which feel the effects are the churches: Christian, Mohammedan, or Pagan, they are all the natural resort of the soldier.

In days of yore—that is to say, ten or twenty years ago—Delhi was the resort of the most aristocratic of the natives of India. Round the disthroned King clustered a species of native nobility: bereft of power, but still enjoying the riches of their ancestors, they found in show and pomp their only solace for the loss of substantial greatness. They lived royally—with crowds of dependents, magnificent cattle, well-stocked harems, and a capital table. Some had so far forgiven their conquerors as to adopt English manners and habits, and to educate their children according to English rule. Others had trained themselves to English modes of thought, and, by long study, had made themselves Englishmen in every thing save color. The society of these noble Indians was very agreeable. They were hospitable, generous, and often well-informed and sagacious. Many travelers have placed on record touching testimony of their grateful recollection of the best society of Delhi.

The Baron Erich Von Schonberg, who spent several years in India, and has given us one of our best books of Indian travel, staid long enough at Delhi to fall deeply in love with the daughter of a native Prince. Her father was a fair copy of an old feudal lord; he lived royally, and the Baron always found a plate for him at the Prince's table, and a horse in the Prince's stud. The stranger was young and accomplished; the lady was gay, animated, and graceful; her mind was cultivated, and her fancy poetic. She was just the fairy one might expect to meet in the gorgeous cities of the East; he was just the traveler every romantic young girl hopes to find. The Baron told his love, and was accepted; he proposed to carry off the lady to his own land; she consented. But, like many an ancient baron, when the ardent lover told his story, the father flew into a fury, and barred his door against him forever. Never should his child wed a dog of a Christian! Von Schonberg implored, beseeched, menaced; his words were as the idle wind; he was escorted out of the palace, and a tiny ribbon, which was slyly handed him by a servant, was the only memorial he retained of his love.

Years afterward, when the Baron had fought like a good knight in the wars of the time, and had won high rank and esteem at Calcutta, he returned to Delhi, and sought the fair one whom he had never forgotten. He did not find her. When he persisted in his inquiries, and bribed a confidential servant to tell him the truth, the man took him to one of the mounds outside the city, and pointing to a dusty tomb, told him that she whom he had loved lay there. After his departure a Mohammedan of high degree and suitable means had proposed to marry her; her father sustained his suit. She, remembering the vow she had plighted to her Christian lover, protested from first to last that her heart would never be given to her new admirer; she besought him to leave her in peace. He was not easily discomfited; but when he found that no perseverance could avail him, he resolved on revenge, and, in the cunning Oriental way, taking advantage of the liberty which the father's good-will secured him, he administered a draught of poison to the poor girl, and saw her die within a few hours. Such was love in Delhi. One waits with some anxiety to hear what has become of that aristocratic, hard-hearted, wealthy, mean society, which was so long a characteristic of the great city.

To an Asiatic Delhi was what Paris is to a European, and New York to an American—*the* city. Unwholesome as the heat, the intolerable dust, and the frightful swarms of flies rendered it at some seasons of the year, it was still the only city of India which preserved a decent show of its ancient splendor; the old memories which clustered round it were kept alive by substantial relics of a glorious past. All gone now!



USJID, THE GREAT MOSQUE. KABUL GATE AND BASTION. LAHORE GATE AND BASTION.

OF DELHI, JUST TAKEN BY THE BRITISH.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

The conference between Mr. Rugge and Mr. Losely terminated in an appointment to meet, the next day, at the village in which this story opened. Meanwhile Mr. Rugge would return to his "orphans," and arrange performances in which, for some days, they might dispense with a Father's part. Losely, on his side, undertook to devote the intervening hours to consultation with a solicitor, to whom Mr. Rugge recommended him, as to the prompt obtaining of legal powers to enforce the authority he asserted himself to possess. He would also persuade Mrs. Crane to accompany him to the village, and aid in the requisite investigations—entertaining a tacit but instinctive belief in the superiority of her acuteness. "Set a female to catch a female," quoth Mr. Rugge.

On the day and in the place thus fixed, the three hunters opened their chase. They threw off at the cobbler's stall. They soon caught the same scent which had been followed by the lawyer's clerk. They arrived at Mrs. Saunders'—there the two men would have been at fault like their predecessor. But the female was more astute. To drop the metaphor, Mrs. Saunders could not stand the sharp cross-examination of one of her own sex. "That woman deceives us," said Mrs. Crane, on leaving the house. "They have not gone to London. What could they do there? Any man with a few stage, juggling tricks can get on in country villages, but would be lost in cities. Perhaps, as it seems he has got a dog—we have found out that from Mrs. Saunders—he will make use of it for an itinerant puppet-show."

"Punch!" said Mr. Rugge—"not a doubt of it."

"In that case," observed Mrs. Crane, "they are probably not far off. Let us print handbills, offering a reward for their clew, and luring the old man himself by an assurance that the inquiry is made in order that he may learn of something to his advantage."

In the course of the evening the handbills were printed. The next day they were posted up on the walls, not only of that village, but on those of the small towns and hamlets for some miles round. The handbills ran invitingly thus: "If William Waife, who left —— on the 20th ult., will apply at the Red Lion Inn at ——, for X. X., he will learn of something greatly to his advantage. A reward of £5 will be given to any one who will furnish information where the said William Waife, and the little girl who accompanies him, may be found. The said William Waife is about sixty years of age, of middle stature, strongly built, has lost one eye, and is lame of one leg. The little girl, called Sophy, is twelve years old, but looks younger; has blue eyes and light brown hair. They had with them a white French poodle dog. This bill is printed by the friends of the missing party." The next day passed—no information; but on the day following, a young gentleman of good mien, dressed in black, rode into the town, stopped at the Red Lion Inn, and asked to see X. X. The two men were out on their researches—Mrs. Crane staid at home to answer inquiries.

The gentleman was requested to dismount, and walk in. Mrs. Crane received him in the inn parlor, which swarmed with flies. She stood in the centre—vigilant, grim spider of the place.

"I ca-ca-call," said the gentleman, stammering fearfully, "in con-con-sequence of a b-b-bill—I—ch-chanced to see in my ri-ri-ri-ride yesterday—on a wa-wa-wall:—You—you, I—sup-sup—"

"Am X. X.," put in Mrs. Crane, growing impatient, "one of the friends of Mr. Waife, by whom the handbill has been circulated; it will indeed be a great relief to us to know where they are—the little girl more especially."

Mrs. Crane was respectably dressed—in silk, iron-gray; she had crisped her flaky tresses into stiff, hard ringlets, that fell like long screws from under a black velvet band. Mrs. Crane never wore a cap—nor could you fancy her in a cap; but the velvet band looked as rigid as if gummed to a hoop of steel. Her manner and tone of voice were those of an educated person, not unused to some society above the vulgar; and yet the visitor, in whom the reader recognizes the piscatorial Oxonian, with whom Waife had interchanged philosophy on the marge of the running brooklet, drew back as she advanced and spoke; and, bent on an errand of kindness, he was seized with a vague misgiving.

Mrs. Crane (blandly). "I fear they must be badly off. I hope they are not wanting the necessaries of life. But pray be seated, Sir." She looked at him again, and with more respect in her address than she had before thrown into it, added, with a half courtesy, as she seated herself by his side, "A clergyman of the Established Church, I presume, Sir?"

Oxonian (stammer, as on a former occasion, respectfully omitted). "With this defect, ma'am! But to the point. Some days ago I happened to fall in with an elderly person, such as is described, with a very pretty female child, and a French dog. The man—gentleman, perhaps, I may call him, judging from his conversation—interested me much; so did the little girl. And if I could be the means of directing real friends anxious to serve them—"

Mrs. Crane. "You would indeed be a benefactor. And where are they now, Sir?"

Oxonian. "That I can not positively tell you. But before I say more, will you kindly satisfy my curiosity? He is perhaps an eccentric person—this Mr. Waife?—a little—" The Oxonian stopped, and touched his forehead. Mrs. Crane made no prompt reply—she was musing. Unwarily the scholar continued: "Because, in that case, I should not like to interfere. So many persons are shut up, where there is no insanity; but where there is property—"

Mrs. Crane. "Quite right, Sir. His friends would not interfere with his roving ways, his little whims, on any account. Poor man, why should they? No property at all for them to covet, I assure you. But it is a long story. I had the care of that dear little girl from her infancy; sweet child!"

Oxonian. "So she seems."

Mrs. Crane. "And now she has a most comfortable home provided for her; and a young girl, with good friends, ought not to be tramping about the country, whatever an old man may do. You must allow that, Sir?"

Oxonian. "Well—yes, I allow that; it occurred to me. But what *is* the man?—the gentleman?"

Mrs. Crane. "Very 'eccentric,' as you say, and inconsiderate, perhaps, as to the little girl. We will not call it insane, Sir; we can't bear to look at it in that light. But—are you married?"

Oxonian (blushing). "No, ma'am."

Mrs. Crane. "But you have a sister, perhaps?"

Oxonian. "Yes; I have one sister."

Mrs. Crane. "Would you like your sister to be running about the country in that way—carried off from her home, kindred, and friends?"

Oxonian. "Ah! I understand. The poor little girl is fond of the old man—a relation, grandfather perhaps? and he has taken her from her home; and though not actually insane, he is still—"

Mrs. Crane. "An unsafe guide for a female child, delicately reared. *I* reared her; of good prospects too. Oh, Sir, let us save the child! Look—" She drew from a side-pocket in her stiff iron-gray apron a folded paper; she placed it in the Oxonian's hand; he glanced over and returned it.

"I see, ma'am. I can not hesitate after this. It is a good many miles off where I met the persons whom I have no doubt that you seek; and two or three days ago my father received a letter from a very worthy, excellent man, with whom he is often brought into communication upon benevolent objects—a Mr. Hartopp, the Mayor of Gatesboro', in which, among other matters, the mayor mentioned briefly that the Literary Institute of that town had been much delighted by the performance of a very remarkable man with one eye, about whom there seemed some mystery, with a little girl and a learned dog; and I can't help thinking that the man, the girl, and the dog must be those whom I saw and you seek."

Mrs. Crane. "At Gatesboro'?—is that far?"

"Some way; but you can get a cross train from this village. I hope that the old man will not be separated from the little girl; they seemed very fond of each other."

"No doubt of it—very fond; it would be cruel to separate them. A comfortable home for both. I don't know, Sir, if I dare offer to a gentleman of your evident rank the reward—but for the poor of your parish."

"Oh, ma'am, our poor want for nothing. My father is rich. But if you would oblige me by a line after you have found these interesting persons—I am going to a distant part of the country to-morrow—to Montford Court, in ——shire."

Mrs. Crane. "To Lord Montfort, the head of the noble family of Vipont?"

Oxonian. "Yes. You know any of the family, ma'am? If you could refer me to one of them, I should feel more satisfied as to—"

Mrs. Crane (hastily). "Indeed, Sir, every one must know that great family by name and repute. I know no more. So you are going to Lord Montford's! The Marchioness, they say, is very beautiful!"

Oxonian. "And good as beautiful. I have the honor to be connected both with her and Lord Montfort; they are cousins, and my grandfather was a Vipont. I should have told you my name—Morley; George Vipont Morley."

Mrs. Crane made a profound courtesy, and, with an unmistakable smile of satisfaction, said, as if half in soliloquy, "So it is to one of that noble family—to a Vipont—that the dear child will owe her restoration to my embrace! Bless you, Sir!"

"I hope I have done right," said George Vipont Morley, as he mounted his horse. "I must have done right, surely!" he said, again, when he was on the high-road. "I fear I have not done right," he said, a third time, as the face of Mrs. Crane began to haunt him; and when, at sunset, he reached his home, tired out, horse and man, with an unusually long ride, and the green water-bank on which he had overheard poor Waife's simple grace and joyous babble came in sight, "After all," he said, dolefully, "it was no business of mine. I meant well, but—" His little sister ran to the gate to greet him. "Yes, I did quite right. How should I like my sister to be roving the country, and acting at Literary Institutes with a poodle dog? Quite right. Kiss me, Jane!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Let a king and a beggar converse freely together, and it is the beggar's fault if he does not say something which makes the king lift his hat to him.

The scene shifts back to Gatesboro', the forenoon of the day succeeding the memorable Exhibition at the Institute of that learned town. Mr. Hartopp was in the little parlor behind his country-house, his hours of business much broken into by those intruders who deem no time unseasonable for the indulgence of curiosity, the interchange of thought, or the interests of general humanity and of national enlightenment. The excitement produced on the previous evening by Mr. Chapman, Sophy, and Sir Isaac, was greatly on the increase. Persons who had seen them naturally called on the Mayor to talk over the Exhibition. Persons who had not seen them still more naturally dropped in just to learn what was really Mr. Mayor's private opinion. The little parlor was thronged by a regular levee: There was the proprietor of a dismal building, still called "The Theatre," which was seldom let except at election-time, when it was hired by the popular candidate for the delivery of those harangues upon liberty and conscience, tyranny and oppression, which furnish the staple of declamation equally to the dramatist and the orator. There was also the landlord of the Royal Hotel, who had lately built to his house "The City Concert-room"—a superb apartment, but a losing speculation. There, too, were three highly respectable persons, of a serious turn of mind, who came to suggest doubts whether an entertainment of so frivolous a nature was not injurious to the morality of Gatesboro'. Besides these notables, there were loungers and gossips, with no particular object except that of ascertaining who Mr. Chapman was by birth and parentage, and suggesting the expediency of a deputation ostensibly for the purpose of asking him to repeat his performance, but charged with private instructions to cross-examine him as to his pedigree. The gentle Mayor kept his eyes fixed on a mighty ledger-book, pen in hand. The attitude was a rebuke on intruders, and in ordinary times would have been so considered. But mildness, however majestic, is not always effective in periods of civic commotion. The room was animated by hubbub. You caught broken sentences here and there crossing each other, like the sounds that had been frozen in the air, and set free by a thaw, according to the veracious narrative of Baron Munchausen.

Play-house Proprietor. "The theatre is the—"

Serious Gentleman. "Plausible snare by which a population, at present grave and well-disposed, is decoyed into becoming—"

Excited Admirer. "A French poodle, Sir, that plays at dominoes like a—"

Credulous Conjecturer. "Benevolent philanthropist, condescending to act for the benefit of some distressed brother who is—"

Proprietor of City Concert-Room. "One hundred and twenty feet long by forty, Mr. Mayor! Talk of that damp theatre, Sir!—you might as well talk of the—"

Suddenly the door flew open, and, pushing aside a clerk who designed to announce him, in burst Mr. Chapman himself.

He had evidently expected to find the Mayor alone, for at the sight of that throng he checked himself, and stood mute at the threshold. The levee, for a moment, was no less surprised, and no less mute. But the good folks soon recovered themselves. To many it was a pleasure to accost and congratulate the man who, the night before, had occasioned to them emotions so agreeable. Cordial smiles broke out—friendly hands were thrust forth. Brief but hearty compliments, mingled with entreaties to renew the performance to a larger audience, were showered round. The Comedian stood, hat in hand, mechanically passing his sleeve over its nap, muttering, half inaudibly, "You see before you a man"—and turning his single eye from one face to the other, as if struggling to guess what was meant, or where he was. The Mayor rose and came forward. "My dear friends," said he, mildly, "Mr. Chapman calls by appointment. Perhaps he may have something to say to me confidentially."

The three serious gentlemen, who had hitherto remained aloof, eying Mr. Chapman much as three inquisitors might have eyed a Jew, shook three solemn heads, and set the example of retreat. The last to linger were the rival proprietors of the theatre and the city concert-room. Each whispered the stranger—one the left ear, one the right. Each thrust into his hand a printed paper. As the door closed on them the Comedian let fall the papers; his arm drooped to his side; his whole frame seemed to collapse. Hartopp took him by the hand, and led him gently to his own arm-chair beside the table. The Comedian dropped on the chair, still without speaking.

Mr. Hartopp. "What is the matter? What has happened?"

Waife. "She is very ill—in a bad way; the doctor says so—Dr. Gill."

Mr. Hartopp (feelingly). "Your little girl in a bad way! Oh, no. Doctors always exaggerate, in order to get more credit for the cure. Not that I would disparage Dr. Gill—fellow-townsman—first-rate man; still, 'tis the way with doctors to talk cheerfully if one is in danger, and to look solemn if there is nothing to fear."

Waife. "Do you think so—you have children of your own, Sir?—of her age, too?—Eh! eh!"

Mr. Hartopp. "Yes; I know all about children—better, I think, than Mrs. H. does. What is the complaint?"

Waife. "The doctor says it is low fever."

Mr. Hartopp. "Caused by nervous excitement, perhaps."

Waife (looking up). "Yes—that's what he says—nervous excitement."

Mr. Hartopp. "Clever, sensitive children, subjected precociously to emulation and emotion, are always liable to such maladies. My third girl, Anna Maria, fell into a low fever, caused by nervous excitement in trying for school prizes."

Waife. "Did she die of it, Sir?"

Mr. Hartopp (shuddering). "Die—No! I removed her from school—set her to take care of the poultry—forbade all French exercises, made her take English exercise instead—and ride on a donkey. She's quite another thing now—cheeks as red as an apple, and as firm as a cricket-ball."

Waife. "I will keep poultry; I will buy a donkey. Oh, Sir! you don't think she will go to heaven yet, and leave me here?"

Mr. Hartopp. "Not if you give her rest and quiet. But no excitement—no exhibitions."

Waife (emptying his pockets on the table). "Will you kindly count that money, Sir? Don't you think that would be enough to find her some pretty lodging hereabouts till she gets quite strong again? With green fields—she's fond of green fields, and a farm-yard with poultry—though we were lodging a few days ago with a good woman who kept hens, and Sophy did not seem to take to them much. A canary bird is more of a companion, and—"

Hartopp (interrupting). "Ay—ay—and you! what would you do?"

Waife. "Why, I and the dog would go away for a little while about the country."

Hartopp. "Exhibiting?"

Waife. "That money will not last forever, and what can we do—I and the dog—in order to get more for her?"

Hartopp (pressing his hand warmly). "You are a good man, Sir. I am sure of it; you can not have done things which you should be afraid to tell me. Make me your confidant, and I may then find some employment fit for you, and you need not separate yourself from your little girl."

Waife. "Separate from her! I should only leave her for a few days at a time till she gets well. This money will keep her—how long? Two months—three?—how long?—the Doctor would not charge much."

Hartopp. "You will not confide in me, then? At your age—have you no friends—no one to speak a good word for you?"

Waife (jerking up his head with a haughty air). "So—so! Who talks to you about me, Sir? I am speaking of my innocent child. Does she want a good word spoken for her? Heaven has written it in her face."

Hartopp persisted no more; the excellent man was sincerely grieved at his visitor's obstinate avoidance of the true question at issue; for the Mayor could have found employment for a man of Waife's evident education and talent. But such employment would entail responsibilities and trust. How recommend to it a man of whose life and circumstances nothing could be known—a man without a character?—And Waife interested him deeply. We have all felt that there are some persons toward whom we are attracted by a peculiar sympathy not to be explained—a something in the manner, the cut of the face, the tone of the voice. If there are fifty applicants for a benefit in our gift, one of the fifty wins his way to our preference at first sight, though with no better right to it than his fellows. We can no more say why we like the man than we can say why we fall in love with a woman in whom no one else would discover a charm. "There is," says a Latin love-poet, "no why or wherefore in liking." Hartopp, therefore, had taken, from the first moment, to Waife—the staid, respectable, thriving man, all muffled up from head to foot in the whitest lawn of reputation—to the wandering, shifty, tricksome scatterling, who had not seemingly secured, through the course of a life bordering upon age, a single certificate for good conduct. On his hearthstone, beside his ledger-book, stood the Mayor, looking with a respectful admiration that puzzled himself upon the forlorn creature, who could give no reason why he should not be rather in the Gatesboro' Parish Stocks than in its chief magistrate's easy-chair. Yet were the Mayor's sympathetic liking and respectful admiration wholly unaccountable? Runs there not between one warm human heart and another the electric chain of a secret understanding? In that maimed outcast, so stubbornly hard to himself—so tremulously sensitive for his sick child—was there not the majesty to which they who have learned that Nature has her nobles reverently bow the head! A man, true to man's grave religion, can no more despise a life wrecked in all else, while a hallowing affection stands out sublime through the rents and chinks of fortune, than he can profane with rude mockery a temple in ruins—if still left there the altar.

CHAPTER XIX.

Very well so far as it goes.

Mr. Hartopp. "I can not presume to question you further, Mr. Chapman. But to one of your knowledge of the world, I need not say that your silence deprives me of the power to assist yourself. We'll talk no more of that."

Waife. "Thank you gratefully, Mr. Mayor."

Mr. Hartopp. "But for the little girl, make your mind easy—at least for the present. I will place her at my farm cottage. My bailiff's wife, a kind woman, will take care of her, while you pursue your calling elsewhere. As for this money, you will want it yourself; your poor little child shall cost you nothing. So that's settled. Let me come up and see her. I am a bit of a doctor myself. Every man blessed with a large family, in whose house there is always some interesting case of small-pox, measles, hooping-cough, scarlatina, etc., has a good private practice of his own. I'm not brilliant in book-learning, Mr. Chapman, but as to children's complaints in a practical way" (added Hartopp, with a glow of pride), "Mrs. H. says she'd rather trust the little ones to me than Dr. Gill. I'll see your child, and set her up, I'll be bound. But now I think of it," continued Hartopp, softening more and more, "if exhibit you must, why not stay at Gatesboro' for a time? More may be made in this town than elsewhere."

"No, no; I could not have the heart to act here again without her. I feel at present as if I can never again act at all! Something else will turn up. Providence is so kind to me, Mr. Mayor."

Waife turned to the door—"You will come soon?" he said, anxiously.

The Mayor, who had been locking up his ledgers and papers, replied, "I will but stay to give some orders; in a quarter of an hour I shall be at your hotel."

CHAPTER XX.

Sophy hides heart and shows temper.

SOPHY was lying on a sofa drawn near the window in her own room, and on her lap was the doll Lionel had given to her. Carried with her in her wanderings, she had never played with it; never altered a ribbon in its yellow tresses; but at least once a day she had taken it forth and looked at it in secret. And all that morning, left much to herself, it had been her companion. She was smoothing down its frock, which she fancied had got ruffled—smoothing it down with a sort of fearful tenderness, the doll all the while staring her full in the face with its blue bead eyes. Waife, seated near her, was trying to talk gayly; to invent fairy tales blithe with sport and fancy, but his invention flagged, and the fairies prosed awfully. He had placed the dominoes before Sir Isaac, but Sophy had scarcely looked at them, from the languid, heavy eyes on which the doll so stupidly fixed its own. Sir Isaac himself seemed spiritless; he was aware that something was wrong. Now and then he got up restlessly, sniffed the dominoes, and placed a paw gently, very gently, on Sophy's knee. Not being encouraged, he lay down again uneasily, often shifting his position as if the floor was grown too hard for him. Thus the Mayor found the three. He approached Sophy with the step of a man accustomed to sick rooms and ailing children—step light as if shod with felt—put his hand on her shoulder, kissed her forehead, and then took the doll. Sophy started, and took it back from him quickly, but without a word; then she hid it behind her pillow. The Mayor smiled—"My dear child, do you think I should hurt your doll?"

Sophy colored, and said murmuringly, "No, Sir, not hurt it, but—" she stopped short.

"I have been talking to your grandpapa about you, my dear, and we both wish to give you a little holiday. Dolls are well enough for the winter, but green fields and daisy-chains for the summer."

Sophy glanced from the Mayor to her grandfather, and back again to the Mayor, shook her curls from her eyes and looked seriously inquisitive.

The Mayor, observing her quietly, stole her hand into his own, feeling the pulse as if merely caressing the tender wrist. Then he began to describe his bailiff's cottage, with woodbine round the porch, the farm-yard, the bee-hives, the pretty duck-pond with an osier island, and the great China gander who had a pompous strut, which made him the drollest creature possible. And Sophy should go there in a day or two, and be as happy as one of the bees, but not so busy.

Sophy listened very earnestly, very gravely, and then sliding her hand from the Mayor, caught hold of her grandfather's arm firmly, and said, "And you, Grandy—will you like it? won't it be dull for you, Grandy, dear?"

"Why, my darling," said Waife, "I and Sir Isaac will go and take a stroll about the country for a few weeks, and—"

SOPHY (passionately). "I thought so; I thought he meant that. I tried not to believe it; go away—you? and who's to take care of you? who'll understand you? I want care! I—I! No, no; it is you—you who want care. I shall be well to-morrow—quite well, don't fear. He shall not be sent away from me; he shall not, Sir. Oh, grandfather, grandfather, how could you?" She flung herself on his breast, clinging there, clinging as if infancy and age were but parts of the same whole.

"But," said the Mayor, "it is not as if you were going to school, my dear; you are going for a holiday. And your grandfather must leave you—must travel about—'tis his calling. If you fell ill and were with him, think how much you would be in his way. Do you know," he added, smiling, "I shall begin to fear that you are selfish."

"Selfish!" exclaimed Waife, angrily.

"Selfish!" echoed Sophy, with a melancholy scorn that came from a sentiment so deep that mortal eye could scarce fathom it. "Oh, no, Sir! can you say it is for *his* good, not for, what he supposes, mine, that you want us to part? The pretty cottage—and all for me—and what for him?—tramp, tramp along the hot, dusty roads. Do you see that he is lame? Oh, Sir, I know him—you don't. Selfish! he would have no merry ways that make you laugh without me; would you, Grandy, dear? Go away, you are a naughty man—go, or I shall hate you as much as that dreadful Mr. Rugge."

"Rugge—who is he?" said the Mayor, curiously, catching at any clew.

"Hush, my darling!—hush!" said Waife, fondling her on his breast. "Hush! What is to be done, Sir?"

Hartopp made a sly sign to him to say no more before Sophy, and then replied, addressing himself to her—

"What is to be done? Nothing shall be done, my dear child, that you dislike. I don't wish to part you two. Don't hate me—lie down again—that's a dear. There, I have smoothed your pillow for you; oh, here's your pretty doll again."

Sophy snatched at the doll petulantly, and made what the French call a *moue* at the good man, as she suffered her grandfather to replace her on the sofa.

"She has a strong temper of her own," muttered the Mayor; "so has Anna Maria a strong temper!"

Now, if I were anyway master of my own pen, and could write as I pleased, without being hurried along, helter-skelter, by the tyrannical exactions of that "young Rapid" in buskins and chiton, called "THE HISTORIC MUSE," I would break off this chapter, open my window, rest my eyes on the green lawn without, and indulge in a rhapsodical digression upon that beautifier of the moral life, which is called "Good Temper." Ha!—the Historic Muse is dozing. By her leave!—Softly.

CHAPTER XXI.

Being an Essay on Temper in general, and a hazardous experiment on the reader's in particular.

THERE, the window is open! how instinctively the eye rests upon the green! how the calm color lures and soothes it! But is there to the green only a single hue? See how infinite the variety of its tints! What sombre gravity in yon cedar, yon motionless pine-tree! What lively but unvarying laugh in yon glossy laurels! Do those tints charm us like the play in the young leaves of the lilac—lighter here, darker there, as the breeze (and so slight the breeze!) stirs them into checker—into ripple? Oh sweet green, to the world, what sweet temper is to man's life! Who would reduce into one dye all thy lovely varieties? who exclude the dark steadfast verdure that lives on through the winter day; or the mutinous caprice of the gentler, younger tint that came fresh through the tears of April, and will shadow with sportive tremor the blooms of luxuriant June?

Happy the man on whose marriage-hearth temper smiles kind from the eyes of woman! "No deity present," saith the heathen proverb, "where absent—Prudence"—no joy long a guest where Peace is not a dweller. Peace, so like Faith, that they may be taken for each other, and poets have clad them with the same vail. But in childhood, in early youth, expect not the changeless green of the cedar. Wouldst thou distinguish fine temper from spiritless dullness, from cold simulation—ask less what the temper, than what the disposition.

Is the nature sweet and trustful, is it free from the morbid self-love which calls itself "sensitive feeling," and frets at imaginary offenses; is the tendency to be grateful for kindness—yet take kindness meekly, and accept as a benefit what the vain call a due? From dispositions thus blessed, sweet temper will come forth to gladden thee, spontaneous and free. Quick with some, with some slow, word and look emerge out of the heart. Be thy first question, "Is the heart itself generous and tender?" If it be so, self-control comes with deepening affection. Call not that a good heart which, hastening to sting if a fibre be ruffled, cries, "I am no hypocrite." Accept that excuse, and revenge becomes virtue. But where the heart, if it give the offense, pines till it win back the pardon; if offended itself, bounds forth to forgive, ever longing to soothe, ever grieved if it wound; then be sure that its nobleness will need but few trials of pain in each outbreak, to refine and chastise its expression. Fear not then; be but noble thyself, thou art safe!

Yet what in childhood is often called, rebukingly, "temper," is but the cordial and puissant vitality which contains all the elements that make temper the sweetest at last. Who among us, how wise soever, can construe a child's heart? who conjecture all the springs that secretly vibrate within, to a touch on the surface of feeling? Each child, but especially the girl-child, would task the whole lore of a sage, deep as Shakspeare, to distinguish those subtle emotions which we grown folks have outlived.

"She has a strong temper," said the Mayor, when Sophy snatched the doll from his hand a second time, and pouted at him, spoiled child, looking so divinely cross, so petulantly pretty. And how on earth could the Mayor know what associations with that stupid doll made her think it profaned by the touch of a stranger? Was it to her eyes as to his—mere wax-work and frippery, or a symbol of holy remembrances, of gleams into a fairer world, of "devotion to something afar from the sphere of her sorrow?" Was not the evidence of "strong temper" the very sign of affectionate depth of heart? Poor little Sophy. Hide it again—safe out of sight—close, inscrutable, unguessed, as childhood's first treasures of sentiment ever are!

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Two of the many passengers by a certain late Sunday evening train, Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild, yielded up their tickets at a little rotten platform (converted into artificial touch-wood by smoke and ashes), deep in the manufacturing bosom of Yorkshire. A mysterious bosom it appeared, upon a damp, dark, Sunday night, dashed through in the train to the music of the whirling wheels, the panting of the engine, and the part-singing of hundreds of third-class excursionists, whose vocal efforts "bobbed arayound" from sacred to profane, from hymns, to our transatlantic sisters the Yankee Gal and Mairy Anne, in a remarkable way. There seemed to have been some large vocal gathering near to every lonely station on the line. No town was visible, no village was visible, no light was visible; but a multitude got out singing, and a multitude got in singing, and the second multitude took up the hymns, and adopted our transatlantic sisters, and sang of their own egregious wickedness, and of their bobbing arayound, and of how the ship it was ready and the wind it was fair, and they were bayound for the sea, Mairy Anne, until they in their turn became a getting-out multitude, and were replaced by another getting-in multitude, who did the same. And at every station, the getting-in multitude, with an artistic reference to the completeness of their chorus, incessantly cried, as with one voice, while scuffling into the carriages, "We mun aa' gang toogither!"

The singing and the multitudes had trailed off as the lonely places were left and the great towns were neared, and the way had lain as silently as a train's way ever can, over the vague black streets of the great gulfs of towns, and among their branchless woods of vague black chimneys. These towns looked, in the cinderous wet, as though they had one and all been on fire and were just put out—a dreary and quenched panorama, many miles long.

Thus, Thomas and Francis got to Leeds; of which enterprising and important commercial centre it may be observed with delicacy, that you must either like it very much or not at all. Next day, the first of the Race-Week, they took train to Doncaster.

And instantly the character, both of travelers and of luggage, entirely changed, and no other business than race-business any longer existed on the face of the earth. The talk was all of horses and "John Scott." Guards whispered behind their hands to station-masters, of horses and John Scott. Men in cut-away coats and speckled cravats fastened with peculiar pins, and with the large bones of their legs developed under tight trowsers, so that they should look as much as possible like horses' legs, paced up and down by twos at junction-stations, speaking low and moodily of horses and John Scott. The young clergyman in the black strait-waistcoat, who occupied the middle seat of the carriage, expounded in his peculiar pulpit-accent to the young and lovely Reverend Mrs. Crinoline, who occupied the opposite middle-seat, a few passages of rumor relative to "Oarth-eth, my love, and Mithter John Eth-COTT." A bandy vagabond, with a head like a Dutch cheese, in a fustian stable-suit, attending on a horse-box and going about the platforms with a halter hanging round his neck like a Calais burgher of the ancient period much degenerated, was courted by the best society, by reason of what he had to hint, when not engaged in eating straw, concerning "t'harses and Joon Scott." The engine-driver himself, as he applied one eye to his large stationary double-eye-glass on the engine, seemed to keep the other open, sideways, upon horses and John Scott.

Breaks and barriers at Doncaster station to keep the crowd off; temporary wooden avenues of ingress and egress to help the crowd on. Forty extra porters sent down for this present blessed Race-Week, and all of them making up their betting-books in the lamp-room or somewhere else, and none of them to come and touch the luggage. Travelers disgorged into an open space, a howling wilderness of idle men. All work but race-work at a stand-still; all men at a stand-still. "Ey my word! Deant ask noon o' us to help wi' t' luggage. Bock your opinion loike a mon. Coom! Dang it, coom, t'harses and Joon Scott!" In the midst of the idle men, all the fly horses and omnibus horses of Doncaster and parts adjacent, rampant, rearing, backing, plunging, shying—apparently the result of their hearing of nothing but their own order and John Scott.

Grand Dramatic Company from London for the Race-Week. Poses Plastiques in the Grand Assembly Room up the Stable-Yard at seven and nine each evening, for the Race-Week. Grand Alliance Circus in the field beyond the bridge, for the Race-Week. Grand Exhibition of Aztec Lilliputians, important to all who want to be horrified cheap, for the Race-Week. Lodgings, grand and not grand, but all at grand prices, ranging from ten pounds to twenty, for the Grand Race-Week!

Rendered giddy enough by these things, Messieurs Idle and Goodchild repaired to the quarters they had secured beforehand, and Mr. Goodchild looked down from the window into the surging street.

"By Heaven, Tom!" cried he, after contemplating it, "I am in the Lunatic Asylum again, and these are all mad people under the charge of a body of designing Keepers!"

All through the Race-Week, Mr. Goodchild never divested himself of this idea. Every day he looked out of window, with something of the dread of Lemuel Gulliver looking down at men after he returned home from the horse-country; and every day he saw the Lunatics, horse-mad, betting-mad, drunken-mad, vice-mad, and the designing Keepers always after them. The idea pervaded, like the second color in shot-silk, the whole of Mr. Goodchild's impressions. They were much as follows:

Monday, mid-day. Races not to begin until tomorrow, but all the mob-Lunatics out, crowding the pavements of the one main street of pretty and pleasant Doncaster, crowding the road, particularly crowding the outside of the Betting-Rooms, whooping and shouting loudly after all passing vehicles. Frightened lunatic horses occasionally running away, with infinite clatter. All degrees of men, from peers to paupers, betting incessantly. Keepers very watchful, and taking all good chances. An awful family likeness among the Keepers to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thurtell. With some knowledge of expression and some acquaintance with heads (thus writes Mr. Goodchild), I never have seen any where so many repetitions of one class of countenance and one character of head (both evil) as in this street at this time. Cunning, covetousness, secrecy, cold calculation, hard callousness, and dire insensibility, are the uniform Keeper characteristics. Mr. Palmer passes me five times in five minutes, and, as I go down the street, the back of Mr. Thurtell's skull is always going on before me.

Monday evening. Town lighted up; more Lunatics out than ever; a complete choke and stoppage of the thoroughfare outside the Betting-Rooms. Keepers, having dined, pervade the Betting-Rooms, and sharply snap at the moneyed Lunatics. Some Keepers flushed with drink, and some not, but all close and calculating. A vague echoing roar of "t'harses" and "t'races" always rising in the air, until midnight, at about which period it dies away in occasional drunken songs and straggling yells. But all night some unmannerly drinking-house in the neighborhood opens its mouth at intervals and spits out a man too drunk to be retained: who thereupon makes what uproarious protest may be left in him, and either falls asleep where he tumbles, or is carried off in custody.

Tuesday morning, at daybreak. A sudden rising, as it were out of the earth, of all the obscene creatures, who sell "correct cards of the races." They may have been coiled in corners, or sleeping on door-steps, and, having all passed the night under the same set of circumstances, may all want to circulate their blood at the same time; but, however that may be, they spring into existence all at once and together, as though a new Cadmus had sown a race-horse's teeth. There is nobody up, to buy the cards; but the cards are madly cried. There is no patronage to quarrel for; but they madly quarrel and fight. Conspicuous among these hyenas, as breakfast-time discloses, is a fearful creature in the general semblance of a man: shaken off his next-to-no legs by drink and devilry, bareheaded and barefooted, with a great shock of hair like a horrible broom, and nothing on him but a ragged pair of trowsers and a pink glazed-calico coat—made on him—so very tight that it is as evident that he could never take it off as that he never does. This hideous apparition, inconceivably drunk, has a terrible power of making a gong-like imitation of the braying of an ass: which feat requires that he shall lay his right jaw in his begrimed right paw, double himself up, and shake his bray out of himself, with much staggering on his next-to-no legs, and much twirling of his horrible broom, as if it were a mop. From the present minute, when he comes in sight holding up his cards to the windows, and hoarsely proposing purchase to My Lord, Your Excellency, Colonel, the Noble Captain, and Your Honorable Worship—from the present minute until the Grand Race-Week is finished, at all hours of the morning, evening, day, and night, shall the town reverberate, at capricious intervals, to the brays of this frightful animal the Gong-donkey.

No very great racing to-day, so no very great amount of vehicles: though there is a good sprinkling, too: from farmers' carts and gigs, to carriages with post-horses and to fours-in-hand, mostly coming by the road from York, and passing on straight through the main street to the Course. A walk in the wrong direction may be a better thing for Mr. Goodchild to-day than the Course, so he walks in the wrong direction. Every body gone to the races. Only children in the street. Grand Alliance Circus deserted; not one Star-Rider left; omnibus which forms the Pay-Place, having on separate panels Pay here for the Boxes, Pay here for the Pit, Pay here for the Gallery, hove down in a corner and locked up; nobody near the tent but the man on his knees on the grass, who is making the paper balloons for the Star young gentlemen to jump through to-night. A pleasant road, pleasantly wooded. No laborers working in the fields; all gone "t'races." The few late wenders of their way "t'races," who are yet left driving on the road, stare in amazement at the recluse who is not going "t'races." Roadside inn-keeper has gone "t'races." Turnpike-man has gone "t'races." His thrifty wife, washing clothes at the toll-house door, is going "t'races" to-morrow. Perhaps there may be no one left to take the toll to-morrow; who knows? Though assuredly that would be neither turnpike-like, nor Yorkshire-like. The very wind and dust seem to be hurrying "t'races," as they briskly pass the only wayfarer on the road. In the distance, the Railway Engine, waiting at the town-end, shrieks despairingly. Nothing but the difficulty of getting off the Line restrains that Engine from going "t'races" too, it is very clear.

At night, more Lunatics out than last night—and more Keepers. The latter very active at the Betting-Rooms, the street in front of which is now impassable. Mr. Palmer as before. Mr. Thurtell as before. Roar and uproar as before. Gradual subsidence as before. Unmannerly drinking-house expectorates as before. Drunken negro-melodists, Gong-donkey, and correct cards, in the night.

On Wednesday morning, the morning of the Great St. Leger, it becomes apparent that there has been a great influx since yesterday, both of Lunatics and Keepers. The families of the tradesmen over the way are no longer within human ken; their places know them no more; ten, fifteen, and twenty guinea-lodgers fill them. At the pastry-cook's second-floor window a Keeper is brushing Mr. Thurtell's hair—thinking it his own. In the wax-chandler's attic, another Keeper is putting on Mr. Palmer's braces. In the gunsmith's nursery, a Lunatic is shaving himself. In the serious stationer's best sitting-room, three Lunatics are taking a combination-breakfast, praising the (cook's) devil, and drinking neat brandy in an atmosphere of last midnight's cigars. No family sanctuary is free from our Angelic messengers—we put up at the Angel—who in the guise of extra waiters for the grand Race-Week, rattle in and out of the most secret chambers of every body's house, with dishes and tin covers, decanters, soda-water bottles, and glasses. An hour later. Down the street and up the street, as far as eyes can see and a good deal farther, there is a dense crowd. outside the Betting-Rooms it is like a great struggle at a theatre-door—in the days of theatres; or at the vestibule of the Spurgeon temple—in the days of Spurgeon.

An hour later. Fusing into this crowd, and somehow getting through it, are all kinds of conveyances, and all kinds of foot-passengers; carts, with brick-makers and brick-makeresses, jolting up and down on planks; drags, with the needful grooms behind, sitting crossed-armed in the needful manner, and slanting themselves backward from the soles of their boots at the needful angle; post-boys, in the shining hats and smart jackets of the olden time, when stokers were not; beautiful Yorkshire horses, gallantly driven by their own breeders and masters. Under every pole, and every shaft, and every horse, and every wheel as it would seem, the Gong-donkey — metallically braying, when not struggling for life, or whipped out of the way.

By one o'clock, all this stir has gone out of the streets, and there is no one left in them but Francis Goodchild. Francis Goodchild will not be left in them long; for he too is on his way "t'races."

A most beautiful sight, Francis Goodchild finds "t'races" to be, when he has left fair Doncaster behind him, and comes out on the free course, with its agreeable prospect, its quaint Red House oddly changing and turning as Francis turns, its green grass, and fresh heath. A free course and an easy one, where Francis can roll smoothly where he will, and can choose between the start, or the coming-in, or the turn behind the brow of the hill, or any out-of-the-way point where he lists, to see the throbbing horses straining every nerve, and making the sympathetic earth throb as they come by. Francis much delights to be, not in the Grand Stand, but where he can see it, rising against the sky with its vast tiers of little white dots of faces, and its last high rows and corners of people, looking like pins stuck into an enormous pin-cushion—not quite so symmetrically as his orderly eye could wish, when people change or go away. When the race is nearly run out, it is as good as the race to him to see the flutter among the pins, and the change in them from dark to light, as hats are taken off and waved. Not less full of interest, the loud anticipation of the winner's name, the swelling, and the final roar; then, the quick dropping of all the pins out of their places, the revelation of the shape of the bare pin-cushion, and the closing-in of the whole host of Lunatics and Keepers, in the rear of the three horses with bright-colored riders, who have not yet quite subdued their gallop though the contest is over.

Mr. Goodchild would appear to have been by no means free from lunacy himself at "t'races," though not of the prevalent kind. He is suspected by Mr. Idle to have fallen into a dreadful state concerning a pair of little lilac gloves and a little bonnet that he saw there. Mr. Idle asserts, that he did afterward repeat at the Angel, with an appearance of being lunatically seized, some rhapsody to the following effect: "Oh little lilac gloves! And oh winning little bonnet, making in conjunction with her golden hair quite a Glory in the sunlight round the pretty head, why any thing in the world but you and me! Why may not this day's running—of horses, to all the rest: of precious sands of life to me—be prolonged through an everlasting autumn-sunshine, without a sunset! Slave of the Lamp, or Ring, strike me yonder gallant equestrian Clerk of the Course, in the scarlet coat, motionless on the green grass for ages! Friendly Devil on Two Sticks, for ten times ten thousand years, keep Blink-Bonny jibbing at the post, and let us have no start! Arab drums, powerful of old to summon Genii in the desert, sound of yourselves and raise a troop for me in the desert of my heart, which shall so enchant this dusty barouche (with a conspicuous excise-plate, resembling the Collector's door-plate at a turnpike), that I, within it, loving the little lilac gloves, the winning little bonnet, and the dear unknown-wearer with the golden hair, may wait by her side forever, to see a Great St. Leger that shall never be run!"

Thursday morning. After a tremendous night of crowding, shouting, drinking-house expectoration, Gong-donkey, and correct cards. Symptoms of yesterday's gains in the way of drink, and of yesterday's losses in the way of money, abundant. Money-losses very great. As usual, nobody seems to have won; but large losses and many losers are unquestionable facts. Both Lunatics and Keepers in general very low. Several of both kinds look in at the chemist's while Mr. Goodchild is making a purchase there, to be "picked up." One red-eyed Lunatic, flushed, faded, and disordered, enters hurriedly and cries savagely, "Hond us a gloss of sal volatile in wather, or soom dommed thing o' thot sart!" Faces at the Betting-Rooms very long, and a tendency to bite nails observable. Keepers likewise given this morning to standing about solitary, with their hands in their pockets, looking down at their boots as they fit them into cracks of the pavement, and then looking up whistling and walking away. Grand Alliance Circus out, in procession; buxom lady-member of Grand Alliance, in crimson riding-habit, fresher to look at, even in her paint under the day sky, than the cheeks of Lunatics or Keepers. Spanish Cavalier appears to have lost yesterday, and jingles his bossed bridle with disgust, as if he were paying. Reaction also apparent at the Guildhall opposite, whence certain pickpockets come out handcuffed together, with that peculiar walk which is never seen under any other circumstances—a walk expressive of going to jail, game, but still of jails being in bad taste and arbitrary, and how would *you* like it if it was you instead of me, as it ought to be! Mid-day Town filled as yesterday, but not so full; and emptied as yesterday, but not so empty. In the evening, Angel ordinary, where every Lunatic and Keeper has his modest daily meal of turtle, venison, and wine, not so crowded as yesterday, and not so noisy. At night, the theatre. More abstracted faces in it than one ever sees at public assemblies; such faces wearing an expression which strongly reminds Mr. Goodchild of the boys at school who were "going up next," with their arithmetic or mathematics. These boys are, no doubt, going up to-morrow with *their* sums and figures. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thurtell in the boxes O. P. Mr. Thurtell and Mr. Palmer in the boxes P. S. The firm of Thurtell, Palmer, and Thurtell, in the boxes Centre. A more odious tendency observable in these distinguished gentlemen to put vile constructions on sufficiently innocent phrases in the play, and then to applaud them in a Satyr-like manner. Behind Mr. Goodchild, with a party of other Lunatics and one Keeper, the express incarnation of the thing called a "gent." A gentleman born; a gent manufactured. A something with a scarf round its neck, and a slipshod speech issuing from behind the scarf; more depraved, more foolish, more ignorant, more unable to believe in any noble or good thing of any kind, than the stupidest Bosjesman. The thing is but a boy in years, and is addled with drink. To do its company justice, even its company is ashamed of it as it drawls its slang criticisms on the representation, and inflames Mr. Goodchild with a burning ardor to fling it into the pit. Its remarks are so horrible that Mr. Goodchild, for the moment, even doubts whether that *is* a wholesome Art, which sets women apart on a high floor before such a thing as this, though as good as its own sisters, or its own mother—whom Heaven forgive for bringing it into the world! But the consideration that a low nature must make a low world of its own to live in, whatever the real materials, or it could no more exist than any of us could without the sense of touch, brings Mr. Goodchild to reason: the rather, because the thing soon drops its downy chin upon its scarf, and slobbers itself asleep.

Friday Morning. Early fights. Gong-donkey, and correct cards. Again, a great set toward the races, though not so great a set as on Wednesday. Much packing going on too, up stairs at the gunsmith's, the wax-chandler's, and the serious stationer's; for there will be a heavy drift of Lunatics and Keepers to London by the afternoon train. The course as pretty as ever; the great pincushion as like a pincushion, but not nearly so full of pins; whole rows of pins wanting. On the great event of the day, both Lunatics and Keepers become inspired with rage; and there is a violent scuffling, and a rushing at the losing jockey, and an emergence of the said jockey from a swaying and menacing crowd, protected by friends, and looking the worse for wear; which is a rough proceeding, though animating to see from a pleasant distance. After the great event rills begin to flow from the pincushion toward the railroad; the rills swell into rivers; the rivers soon unite into a lake. The lake floats Mr. Goodchild into Doncaster, past the Itinerant personage in black by the way-side, telling him from the vantage ground of a legibly printed placard on a pole that for all these things the Lord will bring him to judgment. No turtle or venison ordinary this evening; that is all over. No Betting at the rooms; nothing there but the plants in pots, which have, all the week, been stood about the entry to give it an innocent appearance, and which have sorely sickened by this time.

Saturday. Mr. Idle wishes to know at breakfast what were those dreadful groanings in his bedroom door-way in the night? Mr. Goodchild answers, Nightmare. Mr. Idle repels the calumny, and calls the waiter. The Angel is very sorry—had intended to explain; but you see, gentlemen, there was a gentleman dined down stairs with two more, and he had lost a deal of money, and he would drink a deal of wine, and in the night he "took the horrors," and got up; and as his friends could do nothing with him he laid himself down, and groaned at Mr Idle's door. "And he DID groan there," Mr. Idle says; "and you will please to imagine me inside, 'taking the horrors' too!"

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So far the picture of Doncaster on the occasion of its great sporting anniversary offers probably a general representation of the social condition of the town, in the past as well as in the present time. The sole local phenomenon of the current year, which may be considered as entirely unprecedented in its way, and which certainly claims, on that account, some slight share of notice, consists in the actual existence of one remarkable individual, who is sojourning in Doncaster, and who, neither directly nor indirectly, has any thing at all to do, in any capacity whatever, with the racing amusements of the week. Ranging throughout the entire crowd that fills the town, and including the inhabitants as well as the visitors, nobody is to be found altogether disconnected with the business of the day, excepting this one unparalleled man. He does not bet on the races, like the sporting men. He does not assist the races, like the jockeys, starters, judges, and grooms. He does not look on at the races, like Mr. Goodchild and his fellow-spectators. He does not profit by the races, like the hotel-keepers and the trades-people. He does not minister to the necessities of the races, like the booth-keepers, the postillions, the waiters, and the hawkers of Lists. He does not assist the attractions of the races, like the actors at the theatre, the riders at the circus, or the posturers at the Poses Plastiques. Absolutely and literally he is the only individual in Doncaster who stands by the brink of the full-flowing race-stream, and is not swept away by it in common with all the rest of his species. Who is this modern hermit, this recluse of the St. Leger-week, this inscrutably ungregarious being, who lives apart from the amusements and activities of his fellow-creatures? Surely there is little difficulty in guessing that clearest and easiest of all riddles. Who could he be, but Mr. Thomas Idle?

Thomas had suffered himself to be taken to Doncaster, just as he would have suffered himself to be taken to any other place in the habitable globe which would guarantee him the temporary possession of a comfortable sofa to rest his ankle on. Once established at the hotel, with his leg on one cushion and his back against another, he formally declined taking the slightest interest in any circumstance whatever connected with the races, or with the people who were assembled to see them. Francis Goodchild, anxious that the hours should pass by his crippled traveling-companion as lightly as possible, suggested that his sofa should be moved to the window, and that he should amuse himself by looking out at the moving panorama of humanity, which the view from it of the principal street presented. Thomas, however, steadily declined profiting by the suggestion.

"The farther I am from the window," he said, "the better, Brother Francis, I shall be pleased. I have nothing in common with the one prevalent idea of all those people who are passing in the street. Why should I care to look at them?"

"I hope I have nothing in common with the prevalent idea of a great many of them, either," answered Goodchild, thinking of the sporting gentlemen whom he had met in the course of his wanderings about Doncaster. "But, surely, among all the people who are walking by the house, at this very moment, you may find—"

"Not one living creature," interposed Thomas, "who is not, in one way or another, interested in horses, and who is not, in a greater or less degree, an admirer of them. Now I hold opinions in reference to these particular members of the quadruped creation, which may lay claim (as I believe) to the disastrous distinction of being unpartaken by any other human being, civilized or savage, over the whole surface of the earth. Taking the horse as an animal in the abstract, Francis, I cordially despise him from every point of view."

"Thomas," said Goodchild, "confinement to the house has begun to affect your biliary secretions. I shall go to the chemist's and get you some physic."

"I object," continued Thomas, quietly possessing himself of his friend's hat, which stood on a table near him—"I object, first, to the personal appearance of the horse. I protest against the conventional idea of beauty, as attached to that animal. I think his nose too long, his forehead too low, and his legs (except in the case of the cart-horse) ridiculously thin by comparison with the size of his body. Again, considering how big an animal he is, I object to the contemptible delicacy of his constitution. Is he not the sickliest creature in creation? Does any child catch cold as easily as a horse? Does he not sprain his fetlock, for all his appearance of superior strength, as easily as I sprained my ankle? Furthermore, to take him from another point of view, what a helpless wretch he is! No fine lady requires more constant waiting on than a horse. Other animals can make their own toilet: he must have a groom. You will tell me that this is because we want to make his coat artificially glossy. Glossy! Come home with me, and see my cat—my clever cat, who can groom herself! Look at your own dog! see how the intelligent creature curry-combs himself with his own honest teeth! Then, again, what a fool the horse is, what a poor, nervous fool! He will start at a piece of white paper in the road as if it was a lion. His one idea, when he hears a noise that he is not accustomed to, is to run away from it. What do you say to those two common instances of the sense and courage of this absurdly overpraised animal? I might multiply them to two hundred, if I chose to exert my mind and waste my breath, which I never do. I prefer coming at once to my last charge against the horse, which is the most serious of all, because it affects his moral character. I accuse him boldly, in his capacity of servant to man, of slyness and treachery. I brand him publicly, no matter how mild he may look about the eyes, or how sleek he may be about the coat, as a systematic betrayer, whenever he can get the chance, of the confidence reposed in him. What do you mean by laughing and shaking your head at me?"

"Oh, Thomas, Thomas!" said Goodchild. "You had better give me my hat; you had better let me get you that physic."

"I will let you get any thing you like, including a composing draught for yourself," said Thomas, irritably alluding to his fellow-apprentice's inexhaustible activity, "if you will only sit quiet for five minutes longer, and hear me out. I say again the horse is a betrayer of the confidence reposed in him; and that opinion, let me add, is drawn from my own personal experience, and is not based on any fanciful theory whatever. You shall have two instances, two overwhelming instances. Let me start the first of these by asking, what is the distinguishing quality which the Shetland Pony has arrogated to himself, and is still perpetually trumpeting through the world by means of popular report and books on Natural History? I see the answer in your face: it is the quality of being Sure-Footed. He professes to have other virtues, such as hardiness and strength, which you may discover on trial; but the one thing which he insists on your believing, when you get on his back, is that he may be safely depended on not to tumble down with you. Very good. Some years ago I was in Shetland with a party of friends. They insisted on taking me with them to the top of a precipice that overhung the sea. It was a great distance off, but they all determined to walk to it except me. I was wiser then than I was with you at Carrock, and I determined to be carried to the precipice. There was no carriage-road in the island, and nobody offered (in consequence, as I suppose, of the imperfectly-civilized state of the country) to bring me a sedan-chair, which is naturally what I should have liked best. A Shetland pony was produced instead. I remembered my Natural History, I recalled popular report, and I got on the little beast's back, as any other man would have done in my position, placing implicit confidence in the sureness of his feet. And how did he repay that confidence? Brother Francis, carry your mind on from morning to noon. Picture to yourself a howling wilderness of grass and bog, bounded by low stony hills. Pick out one particular spot in that imaginary scene, and sketch me in it, with outstretched arms, curved back, and heels in the air, plunging headforemost into a black patch of water and mud. Place just behind me the legs, the body, and the head of a sure-footed Shetland pony, all stretched flat on the ground, and you will have produced an accurate representation of a very lamentable fact. And the moral device, Francis, of this picture will be to testify that when gentlemen put confidence in the legs of Shetland ponies, they will find to their cost that they are leaning on nothing but broken reeds. There is my first instance—and what have you got to say to that?"

"Nothing, but that I want my hat," answered Goodchild, starting up and walking restlessly about the room.

"You shall have it in a minute," rejoined Thomas. "My second instance"—(Goodchild groaned, and sat down again)—"My second instance is more appropriate to the present time and place, for it refers to a race-horse. Two years ago an excellent friend of mine, who was desirous of prevailing on me to take regular exercise, and who was well enough acquainted with the weakness of my legs to expect no very active compliance with his wishes on their part, offered to make me a present of one of his horses. Hearing that the animal in question had started in life on the turf, I declined accepting the gift with many thanks; adding, by way of explanation, that I looked on a race-horse as a kind of embodied hurricane, upon which no sane man of my character and habits could be expected to seat himself. My friend replied that, however appropriate my metaphor might be as applied to race-horses in general, it was singularly unsuitable as applied to the particular horse which he proposed to give me. From a foal upward this remarkable animal had been the idlest and most sluggish of his race. Whatever capacities for speed he might possess he had kept so strictly to himself that no amount of training had ever brought them out. He had been found hopelessly slow as a racer, and hopelessly lazy as a hunter, and was fit for nothing but a quiet easy life of it with an old gentleman or an invalid. When I heard this account of the horse I don't mind confessing that my heart warmed to him. Visions of Thomas Idle ambling serenely on the back of a steed as lazy as himself, presenting to a restless world the soothing and composite spectacle of a kind of sluggardly Centaur, too peaceable in his habits to alarm any body, swam attractively before my eyes. I went to look at the horse in the stable. Nice fellow! he was fast asleep with a kitten on his back. I saw him taken out for an airing by the groom. If he had had trowsers on his legs I should not have known them from my own, so deliberately were they lifted up, so gently were they put down, so slowly did they get over the ground. From that moment I gratefully accepted my friend's offer. I went home; the horse followed me—by a slow train. Oh, Francis, how devoutly I believed in that horse! how carefully I looked after all his little comforts! I had never gone the length of hiring a man-servant to wait on myself; but I went to the expense of hiring one to wait upon him. If I thought a little of myself when I bought the softest saddle that could be had for money, I thought also of my horse. When the man at the shop afterward offered me spurs and a whip, I turned from him with horror. When I sallied out for my first ride, I went purposely unarmed with the means of hurrying my steed. He proceeded at his own pace every step of the way; and when he stopped, at last, and blew out both his sides with a heavy sigh, and turned his sleepy head and looked behind him, I took him home again, as I might take home an artless child who said to me, 'If you please, Sir, I am tired.' For a week this complete harmony between me and my horse lasted undisturbed. At the end of that time, when he had made quite sure of my friendly confidence in his laziness, when he had thoroughly acquainted himself with all the little weaknesses of my seat (and their name is Legion), the smouldering treachery and ingratitude of the equine nature blazed out in an instant. Without the slightest provocation from me, with nothing passing him at the time but a pony-chaise driven by an old lady, he started in one instant from a state of sluggish depression to a state of frantic high spirits. He kicked, he plunged, he shied, he pranced, he capered fearfully. I sat on him as long as I could, and when I could sit no longer I fell off. No, Francis! this is not a circumstance to be laughed at, but to be wept over What would be said of a Man who had requited my kindness in that way? Range over all the rest of the animal creation, and where will you find me an instance of treachery so black as this? The cow that kicks down the milking-pail may have some reason for it; she may think herself taxed too heavily to contribute to the dilution of human tea and the greasing of human bread. The tiger who springs out on me unawares has the excuse of being hungry at the time, to say nothing of the further justification of being a total stranger to me. The very flea who surprises me in my sleep may defend his act of assassination on the ground that I, in my turn, am always ready to murder him when I am awake. I defy the whole body of Natural Historians to move me, logically, off the ground that I have taken in regard to the horse. Receive back your hat, Brother Francis, and go to the chemist's, if you please; for I have now done. Ask me to take any thing you like, except an interest in the Doncaster races. Ask me to look at any thing you like except an assemblage of people all animated by feelings of a friendly and admiring nature toward the horse. You are a remarkably well-informed man, and you have heard of hermits. Look upon me as a member of that ancient fraternity, and you will sensibly add to the many obligations which Thomas Idle is proud to owe to Francis Goodchild."

Here, fatigued by the effort of excessive talking, disputatious Thomas waved one hand languidly, laid his head back on the sofa-pillow, and calmly closed his eyes.

At a later period, Mr Goodchild assailed his traveling-companion boldly from the impregnable fortress of common sense. But Thomas, though tamed in body by drastic discipline, was still as mentally unapproachable as ever on the subject of his favorite delusion.

The view from the window after Saturday's breakfast is altogether changed. The tradesmen's families have all come back again. The serious stationer's young woman of all work is shaking a duster out of the window of the combination breakfast-room; a child is playing with a doll, where Mr. Thurtell's hair was brushed; a sanitary scrubbing is in progress on the spot where Mr. Palmer's braces were put on. No signs of the Races are in the streets, but the tramps and the tumble-down carts and trucks laden with drinking-forms and tables and remnants of booths, that are making their way out of the town as fast as they can. The Angel, which has been cleared for action all the week, already begins restoring every neat and comfortable article of furniture to its own neat and comfortable place. The Angel's daughters (pleasanter angels Mr. Idle and Mr. Goodchild never saw, nor more quietly expert in their business, nor more superior to the common vice of being above it) have a little time to rest, and to air their cheerful faces among the flowers in the yard. It is market-day. The market looks unusually natural, comfortable, and wholesome; the market-people too. The town seems quite restored, when, hark! a metallic bray—The Gong-donkey!

The wretched animal has not cleared off with the rest, but is here, under the window. How much more inconceivably drunk now, how much more begrimed of paw, how much more tight of calico hide, how much more stained and daubed and dirty and dunghilly, from his horrible broom to his tender toes, who shall say! He can not even shake the bray out of himself now, without laying his cheek so near to the mud of the street that he pitches over after delivering it. Now prone in the mud, and now backing himself up against shop-windows, the owners of which come out in terror to remove him; now, in the drinking-shop, and now in the tobacconist's, where he goes to buy tobacco, and makes his way into the parlor, and where he gets a cigar, which in half-a-minute he forgets to smoke; now dancing, now dozing, now cursing, and now complimenting My Lord, the Colonel, the Noble Captain, and Your Honorable Worship, the Gong-donkey kicks up his heels, occasionally braying, until suddenly he beholds the dearest friend he has in the world coming down the street.

The dearest friend the Gong-donkey has in the world is a sort of Jackal, in a dull mangy black hide, of such small pieces that it looks as if it were made of blacking bottles turned inside out and cobbled together. The dearest friend in the world (inconceivably drunk too) advances at the Gong-donkey, with a hand on each thigh, in a series of humorous springs and stops, wagging his head as he comes. The Gong-donkey regarding him with attention and with the warmest affection, suddenly perceives that he is the greatest enemy he has in the world, and hits him hard in the countenance. The astonished Jackal closes with the Donkey, and they roll over and over in the mud pommeling one another. A Police Inspector, supernaturally endowed with patience, who has long been looking on from the Guild-hall steps, says to a myrmidon, "Lock 'em up! Bring 'em in!"

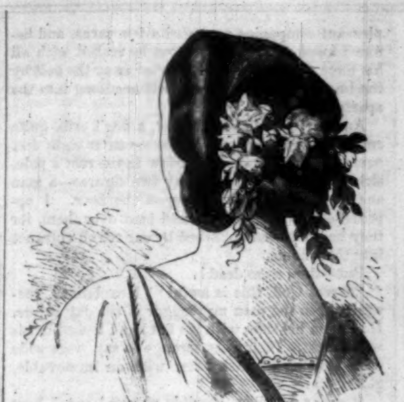
Appropriate finish to the Grand Race-Week. The Gong-donkey, captive and last trace of it, conveyed into limbo, where they can not do better than keep him until next Race-Week. The Jackal is wanted too, and is much looked for, over the way and up and down. But having had the good-fortune to be undermost at the time of the capture, he has vanished into air.

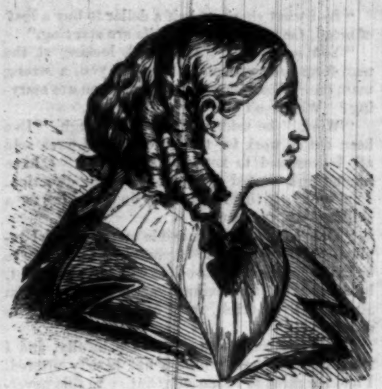
On Saturday afternoon Mr. Goodchild walks out and looks at the Course. It is quite deserted; heaps of broken crockery and bottles are raised to its memory; and correct cards and other fragments of paper are blowing about it, as the regulation little paper-books, carried by the French soldiers in their breasts, were seen, soon after the battle was fought, blowing idly about the plains of Waterloo.

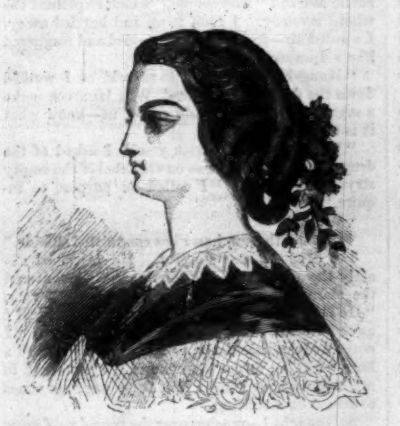
Where will these present idle leaves be blown by the idle winds, and where will the last of them be one day lost and forgotten? An idle question, and an idle thought; and with it Mr. Idle fitly makes his bow, and Mr. Goodchild his, and thus ends the Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices.

THE LADY CONTRIBUTORS TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

FOR the reasons which induced Addison to sketch his own portrait, in his assumed character, for the readers of the *Spectator*, we have thought that it would be interesting to the readers of *Harper's Weekly* to see, not only pen and ink sketches, but actual likenesses of a few of our lady contributors. Having arrived at this decision, we applied to our fair coadjutors for their portraits. Some refused. The authoress of one of the best of our recent papers declined, on the flimsy pretense that she did not desire to be mobbed in the streets—a fate which would inevitably attend a person whose portrait was seen by the half million readers of the *Weekly*. Another—a poetess—apologized on the ground of a recent affection of the nose, which had impaired the *contour* of that feature. A third confessed that while Nature had endowed her with mental advantages, her *physique* was not adapted for public exhibition. With these and a few other exceptions, our lady contributors consented to be photographed by Mr. Brady. It was our original intention to have given full-length portraits of all; but, on measurement, it was found that, in consequence of the prevailing style of dress, such portraits would more than usurp the whole of our space. It was impossible to place two literary ladies, in hoops, side by side, in our page. We reluctantly resolved to be content with heads.


THE EDITOR OF "THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE."


THE AUTHOR OF "PRATTLE AND TATTLE."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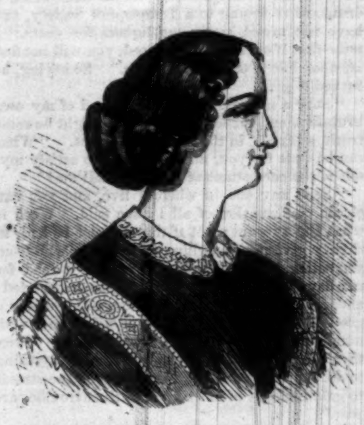
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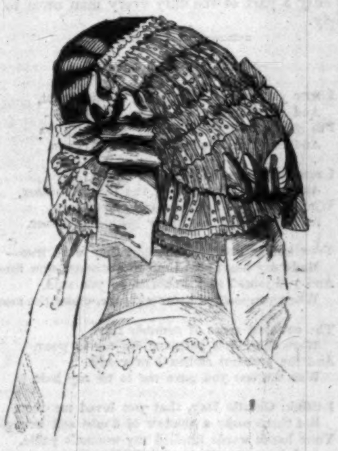
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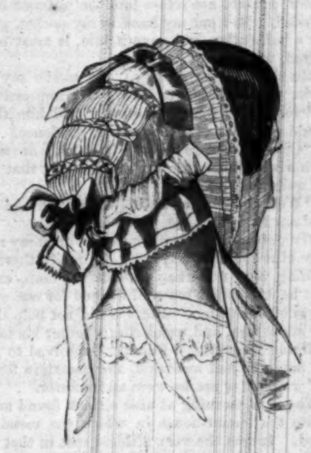
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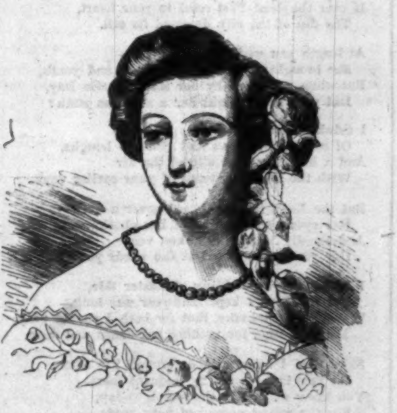
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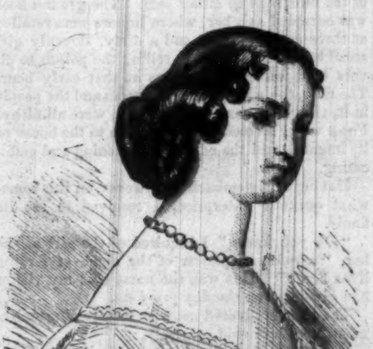
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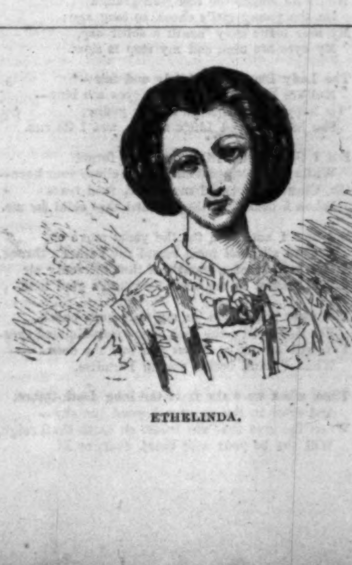
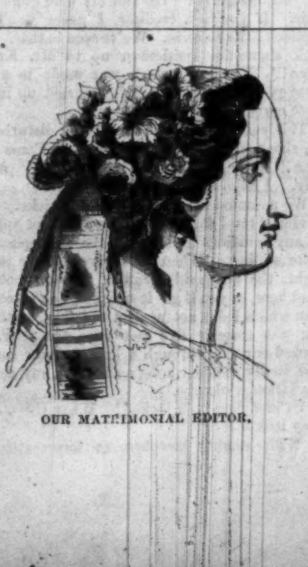

ETHELINDA.


OUR MATRIMONIAL EDITOR.

One of the portraits on the highest row is that of the inimitable author of "Prattle and Tattle." She is barely eighteen; yet her sprightly wit and finished style have already won for her a European reputation. When she was twelve years of age, the son of a London banker, then traveling in this country, proposed to her and was refused. He killed himself in consequence by drinking adulterated port; and our fair contributor gracefully commemorates his memory and his passion by wearing a little gold bottle on her chain. She is yet unmarried, but we will venture to say that, unless we are much mistaken, there will be another happy Senator at Washington this winter, and the reigning belles will have to look to their laurels.

It was at sixteen that this wonderful young creature composed and published the delightful novel entitled "Little Dorrit," which was ruthlessly stolen and printed by one Charles Dickens. A person of less courage would have succumbed under so cruel a trial; she rose superior to the blow, and immediately published a volume of miscellaneous poems under the pseudonyme of Alexander Smith. The lives of Goldsmith and Johnson, which she wrote in her leisure moments about this time, were unfortunately lost by her in getting into a Fifth Avenue stage; they were picked up by T. Babington Macaulay (who was over here on a visit *incog.*), and sold by him to the Encyclopedia, as his own. Her latest works are "The Virginians," to which Mr. Thackeray, who revised the proofs, is permitted to put his name, and "Guy Livingstone," which is still anonymous.

The handsome girl lower down, whose hair is parted in so roguish a manner, is Miss Nelly Lancer, whose correspondence with our friend the *Lounger* has been so much read. We applied to our *collaborateur* in the first instance, to obtain her likeness; but the old gentleman, as might have been expected, lounged and dawdled till the time had nearly passed, and we were obliged to communicate directly with the fair lady. She sent us three-and-twenty to choose from, expressing a wish that we should select one in which she was taken as Eve; but, really—we couldn't. It was lovely, but—

Our fashion articles are "done" by another lady. It is well known that she ruined her first husband (the famous banker X——), and compelled him to commit suicide by her expenditures for dress. The week before he died she bought seventeen new dresses, three new shawls, two lace capes, and $1317 67 worth of gloves, lace handkerchiefs, and other odds and ends. Our first arrangement with her was to the effect that she was to write our fashion articles, in consideration of which we were to supply her with gloves; but her first article cost us $215, and we were glad to compromise for our usual rates.

The two ladies whose backs are turned to the spectator have a reason for concealing their features; *entre nous*, they write our editorials, and neither their safety nor their comfort permit that they should be known. On the bare suspicion—pretty well founded, perhaps—that one of them wrote our financial articles, the President of the Bank of —— called upon her, and offered her a credit of more thousands than we like to mention, if she would pursue a course in accordance with his interests. Of course he was shown to the door; and a huge *écrin*, of stupendous value, which was sent her next morning, was sent back with a withering message. It was the very next day that our great article on the Bank Suspension appeared. The other lady, who writes our political articles, was offered by the President a foreign mission for any male relation she chose to select, provided she went out with him; she would, in fact, have gone to Ashantee to represent the United States but for the extraordinary inducements we offered her to remain.

Several very ingenious articles, including the one on "Caste in India," are from the pen of the lady on the right in the second row. She lived several years in India, and was the means of converting several natives, to whom she gave $2 a week—as domestic servants. The King of Delhi (the uncommonly fine looking old villain whose life and portrait were given in the *Weekly* of August 15) offered her a place of honor in his harem, and was so overwhelmed by her refusal that he did not smoke for a whole day. When the war broke out, Lord Canning sent for her as the best adviser he knew; but a slight she had suffered at his hands (having been mounted on an elephant three inches smaller than his own at a public festival) led her to send him in reply a haughty refusal. Her husband, an excellent man, is the most reliable person we know to send on an errand: his wife declares that he was never known to make a mistake when his duty was fairly explained to him.

Most of our poetry is written by the lady who occupies the other end of the row. She is a Southern lady, and at fifteen formed an unfortunate attachment to a young man who was scalped and partly eaten by the Apaches. His thigh-bone and one of his finger nails were brought home to his lady love by a faithful follower; she celebrated the melancholy event in the famous verses beginning—

> "I'll bury my heart with this finger nail—"

Having, however, subsequently become the wife of one of our leading men in the tallow and hide business, she is now resigned, and composes the most affecting and the sweetest poetry of the day. It was on seeing a copy of her verses that Tennyson sent that well-known letter to his publisher declaring that he would write no more.

The writer of "Matrimonial Management," and many other delightful sketches on the marriage relation which have appeared in our paper, is an unhappy but virtuous young person, who has had the misfortune to be a plaintiff in six divorce cases in the State of Pennsylvania. Her charms being only equaled by the sensibility of her heart, she is no sooner divorced from one husband than she marries another, and this marriage, like the former one, is followed directly by a suit for divorce. No blame, we are enabled positively to assert, has ever attached to the lady in any of her matrimonial imbroglios. Her first husband smoked; the second and fifth drank; the third chewed; the fourth was given to public and inaccurate expectoration; the sixth was detected by his wife one morning at seven sitting in the drawing-room in his shirt-sleeves. Needless to add that on proof of these enormities the courts instantly liberated the lovely victim of so much male brutality from the chains which bound her. We made it an express stipulation in our agreement with this lady that she was to devote her whole time to our service, and, to that end, was to remain single for six months. Only half the period has elapsed; and, unless our information be incorrect, one of the highest personages in the country (we will say no more) is about to provoke our contributor to break her bargain. We are no respecters of rank; and we can only say that we will not be defrauded of our due—no, not by the greatest man in the country. *Verbum sap.*

Our friend the Bohemien has kindly lent us a portrait of his beloved Ethelinda. She is a sweet creature, with ten thousand a year in her own right. Bohemien—who is a wretched old fellow, *blasé* of every thing, and only fit to be buried—believes that she loves him. Ha! ha! ha!

The remaining portrait is that of the editor of "Things Wise and Otherwise." Mr. Brady made seven successive attempts to take her front face; but she is so full of fun that she couldn't keep her countenance, and at last, in a severe tone, Brady ordered her to turn her back, and took her in that way. The picture was nearly being spoiled after all, for, in an unguarded moment, Mr. Brady let her into his laboratory, where his assistants were finishing the photograph; she made one or two remarks in her way, and the young men fell to laughing so immoderately that Mr. Cobden had to be carried out, and another was speechless for an hour afterward. We should never have got the picture but for Mr. Brady's sagacity. Bethinking himself of the story of Ulysses, he crammed cotton into his ears and finished the plate himself; he confesses that had he been able to hear the jokes he *saw* she was making he could not have done the work. We desire it to be distinctly understood that she is no connection of the man who never now writes as funny as he can.

We may at a future opportunity continue this series of portraits.

THE SICK CHILD.

A WEAKNESS seizes on my mind—
I would more pudding take;
But all in vain—I feel—I feel—
My little head will ache.
Oh! that I might alone be left,
To rest where now I am,
And finish with a piece of bread
That pot of currant jam.

I gaze upon the cake with tears,
And wildly I deplore
That I must take a powder
If I touch a morsel more,
Or oil of castor, smoothly bland,
Will offered be to me,
In wave pellucid, floating
On a cup of milkless tea.

It may be so—I can not tell—
I yet may do without;
They need not know, when left alone,
What I have been about.
I long to eat that potted beef—
To taste that apple-pie;
I long—I long to eat some more,
But have not strength to try.

I gasp for breath, and now I know
I've eaten far too much;
Not one more crumb of all the feast
Before me can I touch.
Susan, oh! Susan, ring the bell,
And call for mother, dear,
My brain swims round—I feel it all—
Mother, your child is queer!

ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

"OH these hard times! how I wish they were over!" And I yawned frightfully, by way of emphasizing the exclamation.

I was heartily weary of this forced idleness. Day after day passed in the same monotonous routine. Nothing to do: business at a dead lock; and the golden harvest I expected to reap in the fall of 1857 destroyed and scattered to the winds by a tornado!

Nevertheless, I had scarcely realized the full effects of the storm. My own hopes, it is true, had been dashed down, but I could not be classed among positive sufferers. I had not even seen the misery, the wretchedness, the despair that the great financial crisis had entailed upon large portions of the community. Wrapped up in self, my observations were limited and narrow-minded. I could only murmur at my own inactivity.

I sat alone in my office, looking out upon the densely-thronged street, and examining, with listless curiosity, the many care-worn faces that passed and repassed.

One young man, particularly, attracted my attention. He stood almost fronting my window, in a state of apparent doubt as to which way he should go. He cast a stealthy glance at me every now and then—made a step forward—hesitated—but finally summoned up sufficient courage to enter my room, for in a moment after I heard his knock at the door.

"Come in," said I, sharply.

He opened the door slowly, looked into the office, paused, advanced, and paused again, with evident trepidation of manner.

I felt irritated at the man's behavior. He was a German, tolerably well dressed, but with uncombed hair and beard. From his appearance I judged he had been drinking, and exclaimed angrily—

"Well, Sir, what now? what do you want?"

"I—I want charity—half a dollar to buy a loaf of bread, for both I and my wife are starving."

"You starving!" I exclaimed, looking at the man from head to foot; "how can you, a strong man, dare to come here, and tell me you are starving? Why don't you work?"

"Work!" he said, with a bitter laugh, "I've been out of work for three weeks, and have sold all I possessed to keep off starvation. I have hunted and begged for work in every direction. I am ready, at this moment, to do any thing for a shilling—ay, for less."

"Your story is not plausible or possible," I replied. "If such a case as you represent yours to be exists in this city, its origin can, without doubt, be traced to intemperance or depravity. I'm afraid that you drink, and I never give charity to drunkards."

The young man's face flushed painfully, and I regretted the harsh words I had hastily uttered. I had the right to refuse my charity to this poverty-stricken wretch, but certainly not to insult him in his misfortune.

He looked at me steadily, and with an expression of sorrowful rebuke—"God forgive you, Sir, for your unjust suspicions. So far from being a drunkard, I belong to a Temperance Society, and have not tasted spirituous liquors for years. I trust that if ever *you* are in need, you will not find it impossible to obtain assistance." So saying, he turned to go.

"Stay a moment," said I, ashamed of my own brutality, and reflecting that there might be some truth, after all, in the man's statement. "What can be done for you, and how am I to satisfy myself of the correctness of what you tell me?"

"Send any one to where I live, and you can obtain confirmation of all I have said. Work is what I most want; but if that can not be had, in charity give me something to save my wife from starvation. Neither of us have tasted food for two days. We have been only six weeks married; and, at first, were prosperous enough. I was in a good situation, but my employer failed, and, with numbers of others, I was turned adrift. Since then I have found it impossible to get any thing to do. I would consent even to sweep the streets to gain a means of existing until these troubles are past."

I was moved in despite of myself. Though still entertaining suspicions of the man's sobriety, and not relishing the idea of being swindled by an impostor, I could not refuse him the pittance he demanded. So I put my hand in my pocket, pulled out a half-dollar, and gave it him, it must be admitted, with a very bad grace.

He thanked me quietly. To soothe my self-pride, which sought to justify the impressions I had formed of the mendicant, I told him that I would certainly visit his place of residence.

"Come to-morrow, then!" he quickly answered, with a wild, uncertain flash of the eye, that I did not quite understand.

"Well, to-morrow be it. Now you can go." And out he went.

My visitor left a deep impression upon my mind. I could not exactly say why, for really there was nothing very remarkable about the man, except that he was rather too well dressed for one on the verge of starvation. But I could not help thinking about him, and wondering whether his tale of suffering were true. Finally, I resolved to go to the house he had indicated, and ascertain for myself whether or not he were an impostor.

The next morning at nine o'clock found me opposite the tenant-house in which the mendicant lived. It was the very filthiest spot in that very filthy street known as Mulberry. The house was five stories high, and looked dilapidated enough to topple down of its own accord, without the support of the buildings on either side. The ground-floor was occupied as a bar, where liquors were retailed at three cents a glass; and a dirty, slovenly girl stood behind the counter, selling the poison to divers hard-featured customers at that early hour. The floor, the walls, the entire room and the people in it, the glasses and the furniture, were all filthy. Fresh water seemed to be unknown to the house or its inmates, and the odor was sickening and suffocating.

Having fairly embarked, however, on this somewhat quixotic enterprise, I resolved to see its finale.

"Do you know," I inquired of the girl at the bar, "whether a person of the name of Krantz lives here?" This was the name that my visitor had given me on the day previous.

The woman favored me with a stare of astonishment, and then said, coarsely,

"Guess he does; hasn't paid his rent for three weeks; we're agoin' to shovel him out to-morrow!"

"Well, I don't know any thing about his rent, but I should like to see him for a moment, if you would show me his room."

"Oh, certainly! He and his wife room in the attic. If you're a creditor, I guess you'll find precious little to seize. We've seen to that. Here, Bill, show the gentleman up to Mr. Krantz's room!" The last remark was made to a dark, scraggy-looking boy that lay curled up in a remote corner.

This youth, with an oath at being disturbed, got up, shook himself, and muttering a "Come along, then!" to me, he plunged into a gloomy passage-way. I followed unceremoniously.

We mounted five pair of creaking, rickety stairs, in almost total darkness. There did not appear to be any windows at all, and the atmosphere was quite stifling. When we arrived at the topmost flight, the boy said, gruffly, "Better bob your head here, or you'll get it smashed"—a piece of advice which I did not neglect to follow, as the ceiling was scarcely five feet from the floor. We groped our way through a long, narrow corridor, and finally reached a door at which my companion kicked violently.

"Curse 'em, it's locked! What the —— did they lock it for?"

With sundry blasphemous imprecations my pleasant companion retreated a few paces, and before I knew what he was about he rushed with all his force against the door, carried away the bolt by the impetus, and hurled himself headlong into the apartment.

An apartment! Say, rather, a dog's crib, quite empty of furniture, and about seven or eight feet square. From a small window in the roof a pale, sickly light was thrown over two figures—a man and a woman—stretched upon the floor. I approached with hesitation, and bent over them, for they had not been disturbed by our rough entrance into their home.

But—they were dead!

"Great God, this is awful!" I exclaimed, recognizing in the man my beggar of the day before. He lay on his side, with his left hand locked in his wife's right. Their eyes, strange to say, were wide open—gazing at each other with an immovable, glassy stare.

It was a horrible, horrible picture! yet I bent down still closer to distinguish the features of the woman. She was very young—scarcely twenty, I thought—but worn-out, cadaverous, and emaciated with hunger and anxiety. Beside her lay a bottle marked "Strychnine," which explained the whole mystery. I took it up and hurried away. I wanted air—fresh air—for I reeled and staggered like a drunken man.

"Hunger!" I repeated to myself, as I walked down the street. "*Hunger!* Will HUNGER make a man do this? Do I—do any of us—know what it is to be *hungry?*"

"Who bought that from you?" I asked of the druggist whose name was on the label of the empty strychnine bottle. "I called on purpose to inquire."

"Why?"

"Because the purchaser has committed suicide."

The druggist was startled. He described exactly the appearance of poor Krantz, who entered the store and asked for strychnine to kill rats. "He laid down half a dollar on the counter, and I gave him the bottle," continued the druggist. "I noticed him particularly, because he was in such a hurry that he forgot his change. I remarked to my clerk at the moment that these were not times to lose even a shilling."

So, thought I—musing over the tragedy—*I* gave these poor young people the power to kill themselves. What, then, is the moral? Not, certainly, that we should refuse to give, but that giving is only a part of the duty every man owes to society.

CHARLIE DAY.

I MET you to-day, by chance, in the street,
And the dead Past woke to life again—
I'm sitting, to-night, o'er my Souchong tea
And thinking about the Now and Then.

I remember the late October moon,
And the husking bee on the threshing-floor,
When I found the bright red ear of corn,
And you kissed me shyly behind the door.

Your tender words—I thought they were true—
Made my heart beat time to a strange, new tune;
And you joined in its chorus, so you said,
When you walked home with me, under the moon.

The sweetest roses of summer time
Were those you gathered for me to wear,
And the prettiest ribbon I ever saw
Was the one you gave me to tie my hair.

I think, Charlie Day, that you loved me then,
But there came a shadow of doubt and wrong—
Your harsh words kindled my woman's pride,
And Love was timid and Pride was strong.

You went out from me into the world—
Wealth, honor, and power—you strove for all—
If ever the dead Past cried to your heart,
The din of the city drowned its call.

At length you wedded a lady fair—
She brought you beauty, and gold, and youth,
But when you stood by her side, Charlie Day,
Did your heart plight her a stainless truth?

I think a memory come to you then
Of country meadows and elm-tree boughs,
And a haunting echo stirred the air
With the lingering tones of your earlier vows.

But the Lady Blanche heard never a word—
Her eyes were bright and her cheeks were red,
And timidly 'neath her silken vest
Her young heart beat at the words you said.

I heard of your wedding at Easter tide,
But the Lent I kept that year was long—
'Twas well, perchance, that for both I should pray,
You had time for nothing but dance and song.

Since then I have walked through life alone,
My face is furrowed by frequent tears—
You knew me not in the street, to-day,
For the weary woman of forty years

Wears no longer the rose you praised
On the young girl's cheek so long ago;
My hair turns gray 'neath a sober cap,
My eyes are dim, and my step is slow.

The Lady Blanche is stately and fair—
Red are her cheeks and her eyes are blue—
'Tis happiness keeps us women young,
She has gathered Life's myrtle, and I its rue.

But I think you will never quite forget
While your youngest child shall climb your knee—
Oh, Charlie, it caused me a few, fond tears
When I heard you had named that child for me.

But now I am calm, for the years move on,
And we all shall meet round the Father's throne,
And I know that a breath of that heavenly air
Will restore to my voice its youth's glad tone.

The roses will bloom on my time-worn cheek,
The light will come back to my tear-dimmed eyes—
You will see me again as you saw me once
When I stand beside you in Paradise.

Then, when we wake from the long death-trance,
And meet in the country beyond the sky—
When the love that was truest on earth shall reign,
Will she be your wife there, dear, or I?

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

AN old, ragged, red-faced, forlorn-looking woman accosted us with, "Plaise, Sur, for the luv of Heaven, give me a fip to buy bread with; I am a poor, lone woman, and have twins to support."

"Why, my good woman," we replied, "you seem to be too old to have twins of your own."

"They're not mine, Sur," she replied, "I'm only raisin' 'em."

"How old are your twins?"

"One of 'em is seven weeks ould and t'other is eight months."

"Sure, and I'm heir to an immense estate under my father's will. When he died he ordered my elder brother to divide the house with me; and, by St. Patrick, he did it—for he tuck the inside himself, and gave me the outside."

A young lady was asked recently how she could possibly afford, in these hard times, to take music lessons. "Oh!" said she, "I confine myself to the lowest notes."

There is this difference between the two blessings—health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed: health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied: and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

Few pastors have been entirely free from officious quacks, who have fastened to them for mercenary purposes. The Buffalo *Express* publishes the correspondence between an Ohio dentist and Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, pastor of the first Baptist Church in that city. The dentist wrote: "I am a *Baptist dentist*, and not finding as much employment as I could wish in this village, I would ask what are the chances of my profession in your growing and beautiful city?" Mr. Smith replied that there are as many dentists in Buffalo as can make a living, and concluded his brief letter; "Permit me to add that I have carefully looked over the outlines of the Baptist faith, and have been unable to discover *tooth-pulling* therein."

At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up Drew's Essay on Souls, which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who very innocently, but to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if "he had any more works on shoemaking to sell."

She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.

"She stood by the wash-tub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of food. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas! Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have music, limb, and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions."

A lady, who must be a relative of Mrs. Partington, we think, "by marriage," at least, was entertaining some friends with a fine leg of mutton at dinner the other day, when one of the guests remarked that the mutton was exceedingly fine in quality. "Oh, yes," said she, "my husband always buys the best. He is a great epicac."

A peasant went to a priest to confess having stolen hay from the stack of a neighbor. "How many loads did you take?" asked the confessor. "You may as well reckon the whole stack at once," said the peasant, "as I and my wife intend to fetch it all away before we stop."

It was told, as a good-natured joke, of an old doctor, that being on a visit to a village where he had spent the earlier part of his life in practice, he one morning before breakfast went into a church-yard near the house where he was stopping. Breakfast being placed upon the table, the doctor was inquired for. "I believe," said the servant, who had seen where he went, "that he has gone to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

While the Queen of England was recently at Balmoral, and walking about her grounds, she accidentally met an old egg-woman on her way to the Castle, which she supplied with eggs. The Queen being in a humorous mood, determined to give the old woman, to whom she was not known, an agreeable surprise. Accordingly, she asked her where she was taking so large a quantity of eggs to. The old woman bluntly replied:

"I am ganging to Balmoral, and these are for the Queen."

"I am very much in want of eggs," said her Majesty, "and if you sell me these, I shall pay you *double* what the Queen gives!"

The old woman's eyes sparkled with joy as she declared that the lady could have them, and she would return and fetch another basket for the Queen.

Victoria drew a sovereign from her purse, and perfectly astonished the poor old woman by refusing to take any change. She asked where the eggs were to be taken, and the Queen replied:

"To Balmoral, to be left for me, the Queen."

The old egg-woman was bewildered. Raising both her hands in the air, and then clapping them together, in astonishment and delight, she cried out: "Gude Laird o' mercy! an' is it *your ain sel', Mrs. Albert?*"

In the town of Holden, Worcester County, in the old Bay State, is an old "Tavern stand" which has been for generations in the hands of the Abbott family. And in the same town of Holden lived formerly a man by the name of T——, familiarly known as "Old Bines" (but the sods of the valley now cover him, "peace to his ashes!"), the most inveterate joker that old Worcester County could ever boast of, and he was troubled with a very *ardent* appetite which he had not always the means of gratifying, but when he wanted a *drink* and had not the needful to fork over, his *wits* must make up the deficiency in his purse. Accordingly one morning he walked into Abbott's (who was not in the habit of trusting his liquors on such doubtful security) as dry as a lime-kiln, and stepped up to the bar, and after removing a "*chaw*" of the weed about the size of a base drum from an awful gash which Nature had left in his face unhealed, he commenced fumbling his fingers in his vest pocket, at the same time remarking that he believed he had *cents* enough to *get* a glass of liquor; the barkeeper, who was not posted in old "Bines" tricks, accordingly set on the glass ware. Bines, after pouring out a stiff nipper, and then pouring it down his throat and smacking his lips as if well satisfied with the quality of the article, turned to the barkeeper with a visage so cool and lengthy that it resembled a grave-stone in a country church-yard, and said, "I had *sense* enough to get it; but I have not *cents* enough to pay for it." This cool way of getting a drink did not exactly square with the barkeeper's notions, and he began to get his back up; but the landlord coming in at the moment, the case was laid before him, and he decided that old "Bine" was welcome to that drink, but when he got another at this bar by any of his tricks, just let him know it.

Married, in Litchfield, Grayson County, on the 12th inst., by Judge Val. Yates, John Robert Wells to Miss Emeline Jeanes, of Grayson. The bride is 28 years old, 36 inches high, and weighs 45 pounds. The bridegroom is 6 feet high, weighs 160 pounds, and is 35 years of age. The parents of the bride are wealthy.

In Alabama a farmer very recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, and gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

REVOLTING ANECDOTE.—A wretch of a husband, coming home at one in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand, and placed before her a pair of her child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing: "If you *will* fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest *It is Never too Late to Mend.*"

YOU BRUTE!—Tears on the eyelash of a complaining wife sparkle like Diamonds. But she should not play these Diamonds too often, as they rather tend to drive a husband to his Clubs.

Old Bishop Aylmer, seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep, took his Hebrew Bible from his pocket, and read a chapter, which roused attention, when the minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they knew not a word he said.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 23, 1857.

THE foreign trade of the port during the past week was large, as the following comparison with the corresponding week of last year shows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 21, 1857	$2,933,655....	$2,121,551
Corresponding week, 1856	2,644,640....	1,974,595
Increase	$289,015....	$146,956

The outgo of specie, including the export by the Cunarder from Boston on Wednesday, slightly exceeded $700,000, and the income to the City Banks, including about three quarters of a million from the interior and the Sub-Treasury, nearly amounted to three millions of dollars. It is confidently expected that the banks will show this evening over $22,000,000.

Though specie payments have not been entirely resumed, merchants who have an account at Bank find no difficulty in obtaining gold, and all the Banks redeem their notes in coin when required to do so. The new arrangement for the redemption of the country bank circulation has gone into effect without inconvenience or failure.

Money is easily obtained on first-class paper at 7, at bank, and the Banks are glad to lend to stock-jobbers on call at 5 and 6. The supply of good paper falls far short of the demand. Specie commands a small premium, say ½ per cent. Exchange closed on London, on Saturday, at 108 @ 108½; on Paris, at 5.30 @ 5.20.

The Stock Market continues very firm, with, if any thing, a slight improvement on the prices current a week since.

By the *Atlantic*, we learn that the Bank of England has raised the rate of interest to 10 per cent., and the Banks of France, Prussia, Hamburgh, Frankfort, &c., has also raised their rates. Many important failures have taken place in England, among which Denistoun, Wood, & Co., Hoge & Williamson, and the Western Bank of Scotland are the best known. Though the feeling in Europe was very uneasy, consols closed at a slight improvement over the previous report. Cotton had again fallen.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, November* 23, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week were brisker and firmer for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. The light receipts, the cold weather toward the close, and the anticipation of an early suspension of inland navigation, gave sellers the advantage. The demand was good, especially for Flour and Wheat, in each of which home dealers and shippers operated freely. The available supply of Breadstuffs is a moderate one for the season, and owners display no eagerness to sell in anticipation of the regular requirements of buyers.....Provisions were rather more freely offered, and as the demand for the leading kinds lacked vigor, prices favored purchasers....Groceries were in fair request, and the orders of dealers were promptly responded to by factors at, in most cases, slightly reduced rates....Cotton was unfavorably affected by the late European news, and more disposition was manifested to sell than to buy. The stock was light and the receipts were limited, but receivers were not inclined to reserve them.....Hops were more sought after, but at low prices. Nearly 500 bales (old) were purchased, on speculation, at 1½ @ 2 c. cash, per pound, for crops of 1855 and 1856....The figures given below are for the crops of 1857....No remarkable movement occurred in other commodities....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$5 00	@	$5 40
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	$5 00	@	$5 40
Extra Western Flour, per barrel....	$5 25	@	$8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel.	$5 45	@	$7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel..........	$5 10	@	$6 60
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.	$5 25	@	$7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	$3 50	@	$4 75
Buckwheat Flour, per 100 pounds...	$1 87½	@	$2 12½
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	$3 50	@	$3 75
White Wheat, per bushel	$1 18	@	$1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel.............	98	@	$1 35
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel....	80	@	82
Rye, per bushel..................	75	@	77
Barley, per bushel	70	@	88
Western Oats, per bushel	46	@	48
State Oats, per bushel.............	44	@	47
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel..	40	@	43
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	37	@	41
White Beans, per bushel	$1 60	@	$1 70
Cotton, middlings, per pound.......	12	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	$19 25	@	$19 35
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	—	@	$17 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel......	$9 25	@	$10 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.....	$6 00	@	$7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce.........	$21 00	@	$24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	$14 50	@	$17 00
Lard, per pound	11	@	13
State Butter, per pound	15	@	25
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	17
Cheese, per pound	6	@	8
North River Hay, bales, per 100 lbs	45	@	75
New Hops, per pound	5	@	8
Clover Seed, per pound............	10	@	—
Am. Rough Flaxseed, per bushel ..	$1 12½	@	—
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	$2 50	@	$3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	19	@	26
Hyson Teas, per pound.............	33	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	35	@	60
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ..	$3 25	@	$3 50
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44	@	45
Tar, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds.....	$1 35	@	$1 40
Domestic Whisky, per gallon.......	23½	@	24
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7½	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound	13	@	35
Tallow, per pound................	9½	@	10

Freights were heavy, and though shipowners endeavored to keep up rates, shippers generally secured more favorable accommodation. For Liverpool—Cotton, ⅛d. @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. @ 2s. 3d. per barrel; Grain, 8d. @ 9d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. 3d. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 668.

The Live Stock Markets were firmer last Wednesday for Beeves, as these were less freely offered, while a fair demand prevailed. A short supply of Beeves was not wholly unlooked for, when it was known that the heavy rains of the 9th and 10th instant washed away bridges and embankments of many of the Western roads, entirely cutting off Stock on the Erie Road for a whole week, and for several days on the New York Central route. Both roads are in running order again....Milch Cows, usually with their Calves at their sides, were dull. None but milkmen purchase so late in the year, and they are now generally supplied....Veal Calves were not plenty, and were quiet....Sheep and Lambs arrived pretty freely, although the receipts were about 500 less than during the previous week. This falling off, with a rise in the value of skins, served prices....Receipts and sales of Swine continued on a liberal scale, at, however, drooping prices....The reported receipts of Live stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Nov.* 11.	Week ending *Nov.* 18.
Beeves......................	3,978	2,381
Milch Cows	171	180
Veal Calves..................	471	401
Sheep and Lambs	11,007	10,494
Swine.......................	5,640	3,453

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York State	896	Michigan	55
Illinois	532	Pennsylvania	34
Ohio	166	Indiana............	25
Missouri	147	Connecticut	14
Kentucky..........	65		

The range of prices of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound .	6½	@	11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	$20 00	@	$65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head.........	3 00	@	5 00
" " per pound	7	@	9½
Live Swine, per pound	5	@	6
Dressed " "	6½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets show no remarkable changes in the extent of the supplies of the leading articles, or of the demand for them. Prices, also, are essentially unaltered.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$1 50	@	$3 50
Apples, dried, per pound............	7½	@	8½
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel	$1 25	@	$4 25
Hickory Nuts, per bushel...........	$1 50	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel..............	$4 00	@	$4 25
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	$1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	$5 00	@	$9 00
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	$2 75
" sweet, per barrel	$2 00	@	$3 75
Onions, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	90
Squashes, per barrel...............	$1 75	@	$2 00
Pumpkins, per 100..................	$4 00	@	$10 00
Beets, per barrel..................	$1 00	@	$1 12
Cabbages, per 100..................	$2 00	@	$4 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	$2 00
Parsnips, per barrel...............	$1 00	@	$1 12
Carrots, per barrel................	$1 00	@	—
Leeks, per 100....................	$3 00	@	$4 00
Celery, per dozen..................	75	@	$1 00
Garlic, per 100	$6 00	@	$6 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	—	@	16
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17½	@	18
Chickens, per pair	50	@	$1 00
Fowls, per pair....................	62	@	87
Fowls, per pound	10	@	15
Ducks, per pair	38	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	15
Turkeys, each......................	88	@	$1 25
Geese, each........................	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, per dozen.................	75	@	$1 65
Woodcock, per dozen	$2 00	@	$3 00
Partridge, per pair................	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs	$1 25	@	$2 00
Rabbits, each......................	10	@	15
Hares, each	10	@	15
Squirrels, each	3	@	4
Venison, per pound.................	8	@	14
Beef, per pound	6	@	9½
Mutton, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lamb, per pound....................	7	@	10
Veal, per pound....................	5½	@	8½
Pork, per pound....................	6½	@	8½

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